

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO FRANCE

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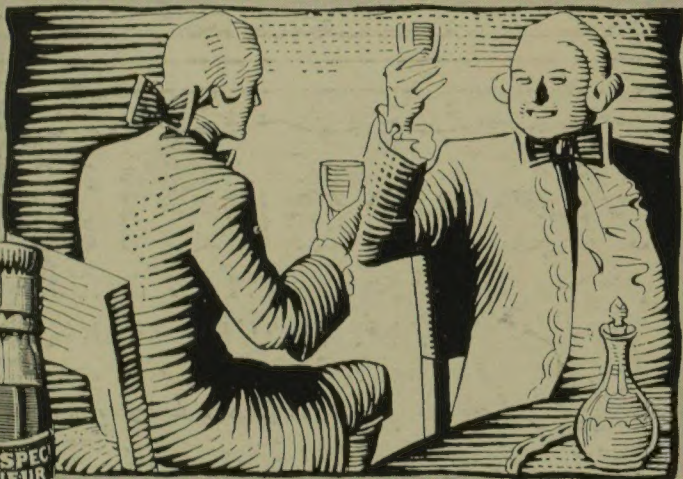
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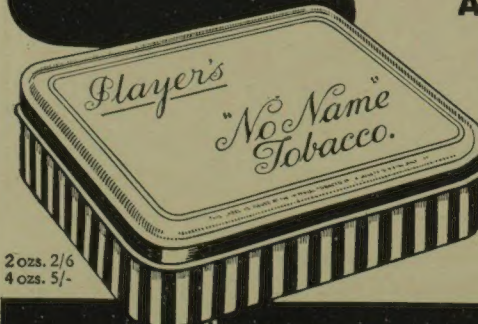
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SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1938.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: JULY 19, AFTERNOON—THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE SPECIAL PAVILION AFTER ARRIVING AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE STATION, WITH M. AND MME. LEBRUN.

King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth arrived at the Bois de Boulogne station at 4.50 p.m. at the beginning of their Paris visit. This station, specially reserved for visiting royalty travelling from across the Channel, had for some time been disused and in private hands; but it was re-converted for the occasion. Their Majesties stepped out of the train on to a red-carpeted platform, lavishly decorated with flowers and lined with pillars swathed in the colours of France and Britain.

After the official introductions, the royal party walked past lines of sailors, up a staircase and into a specially-built pavilion hung with superb Gobelin tapestries. After further presentations, they walked out on to the steps of the pavilion, where they came into view of the vast crowd. M. Lebrun had taken the arm of the Queen, and the King was with Madame Lebrun. From here the royal party proceeded by car to the Palais d'Orsay, where they stayed. (Planet.)





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE other day, a friend of mine, who is in the habit of discussing politics with all and sundry, engaged a window-cleaner in conversation. It appeared that the window-cleaner was a very advanced kind of Socialist, if not a Communist; so much so, that, at first, he took the view that my friend, whom he suspected of other views, was wasting his time in talking with him. But, after a prolonged argument, he fell into a pregnant silence, at the end of which he observed, slowly and emphatically—"I'll tell you what I want. I want a house and a garden"—here there was another long silence as he thought—"with a very high wall round it." There was a note of such conviction in what he said, and still more in the way he said it, that my friend became silent also.

The more I think about it, the more profound, and the more tragic, this utterance of a serious and public-minded English workman seems to me to be. It comes strangely from Socialist lips, because anything less compatible than this ideal with the ideals of extreme Socialism as usually taught it would be hard to conceive. It was certainly not the ideal of Karl Marx or of any of his modern disciples. Indeed, it is an ideal, though common to almost every true countryman of whatever nationality, that seems strange indeed when voiced by a townsman. What makes its effect the more shattering is that all one's experience of one's own people goes to suggest that it is an ideal still held by the greater number of urban workers in this country. And it is an ideal that not one in a thousand, as things are, can have any hope of realising.

For compare the ideal with the reality. The overwhelming majority of workers in this country live in straight rows of adjacent houses, facing and backing on to similar rows of houses which stretch, with the factories that employ them, as far as the eye can see—almost as the imagination can reach. Save on a few favourite building estates, the chance of a garden is negligible—even fantastic. Most of the men and women who inhabit such houses never see a garden from start to close of the ordinary working day. They see chimney pots, machines, pent-house roofs and a tiny glimpse of darkened sky—little or nothing else. Of privacy, as their country forefathers had or their more fortunate contemporaries possess, they have scarcely any. Yet what many, if not most of them, are secretly wanting is a house with a garden and a very high wall round it. I should not even be surprised if some of them wanted—especially the more violent-minded politicians among them, who, English-wise, are always especially insistent on their "rights"—to crown that wall with a palisade of broken glass. It would certainly not make them the less English if they did. An Englishman's home, it will be remembered, is his castle. At least, he wants it to be, even when it is only one brick thick and subject to order to quit at a week's notice.

And if all this be true—and I believe it to be so—what are we going to do about it? At the present time, our whole political and social economy is based on the theory that the opportunity for some individual to make a profit justifies the employment of innumerable other individuals under a form of life which is scarcely compatible with the primary demands of their own health and happiness. I know that, to-day, there are many minor and statutory limitations to that theory: factories have to be built in a certain way, public authorities are compelled to provide certain amenities of supply and sanitation, a few elementary rules about housing have to be observed. Yet the fact remains—grim, and if one thinks of it, terrifying—that in the chief essentials of existence, the bulk of our people have no option but to endure a kind of life in which the elements of life they most desire are denied them. Fresh air, contact with the

or Teuton. They are neither better nor worse than us because they do not share it. They do not do so because of profound differences of history, climate, and temperament. But it is an ideal that does appeal to the English kind, and because it does so, ought to be taken into account by those who voice the nation's opinions and make the nation's laws. I see little sign, either in our literature or our legislature, that it is so much as realised by them. And the people themselves—voiceless but for some rare, spasmodic outburst, such as that of my window-cleaner—are unable to express it. Deep down they know what they want. But, though calling themselves a democracy, they never vote for it, because no one ever offers them a programme with even a suggestion that such an aspiration is attainable. They pursue their dream, not as a people or a class or a party, but only as individuals, the fortunate few struggling

upwards into the black, strait-jacket of the bourgeoisie and desk-worker, because that way alone some possible fulfilment of their nostalgia may lie. A house with a garden and a high wall around it! "We are the people of England and we have not spoken yet."

All over the world to-day, we are witnessing a revolution against the conception of life established a century or more ago by the industrial system, and the *laissez-faire* conception of man's economic lot. That revolution has proceeded, and is still proceeding, under different names—so different that we cannot, as yet, recognise it as the same in different places and call it Bolshevism in one, Fascism in another and Insurgency in a third. The historian of the future, will see it for what it is—a world-wide revolt, however mistaken it may be, of the human soul and body against the attempt of society to condemn man to a

life alien to the deepest needs of his own nature. The revolt is an unconscious one, and its very leaders have scarcely been aware of its causes. For that reason it is all the more inevitable and irresistible. It has not yet come to a head in the three great democracies of the West only because the democratic forms of these highly developed states have allowed a certain amount of elasticity to the individual citizen, and some scope for mitigating the worst features of the industrial system. But there are many signs that even the great and ancient communities of Britain, France, and the United States may be confronted before long by similar revolts against the existing structure of society. And when, if ever, such revolt takes place, whether it first comes from the Left or the Right, it will ultimately, as in other countries, turn in its direction towards the deepest aspirations of the common people of that country. It has always been the political glory of England that we have been able to anticipate our own revolutions, and so, in a sense, to avoid them. And perhaps the words of that inspired window-cleaner seem to suggest a way in which we may do so.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS: H.M. THE KING GREETED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, M. LEBRUN, WITH MME. LEBRUN ON THE LEFT, ON ARRIVAL AT THE GARE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

The King and Queen arrived at the Gare du Bois de Boulogne at 4.50 p.m. on July 19, and were welcomed by M. Lebrun, the President of the Republic, and Mme. Lebrun. The President clasped the King's hand and shook it warmly while he delivered a greeting, to which his Majesty replied: "Monsieur le Président de la République, je suis enchanté." The King was in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet; while the President wore evening dress. Both were wearing the red ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Later in the day his Majesty conferred upon the President of the Republic the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. (Planet News.)

soil, the natural and restorative environment of green fields, and trees are almost as remote from them as they were from a mediæval prisoner in the deepest dungeon. Above all, that sense of possessing room of one's own and breathing-space which seems so essential to the fostering of that English individualism and love of liberty of which we are so justly proud, seems pathetically lacking. And being deprived of these, our people, being the kind of people they are, cannot rise to their full stature. He may be a chip of the old block—he still is—but Strube's little man is not John Bull, his father's father. And the world, as well as this realm of England, is the poorer because he is not.

"A house and garden of my own," "a room with a view"—the familiar phrases of the English dream, springing from the unfulfilled aspirations of the common people, strike straight to the heart if one is English too. That it is not necessarily the dream of other peoples makes it not the less tragic and insistent. It makes no appeal to the Marxist Oriental, or, so far as I am able to judge, to the totalitarian Latin



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: THE PROCESSION.



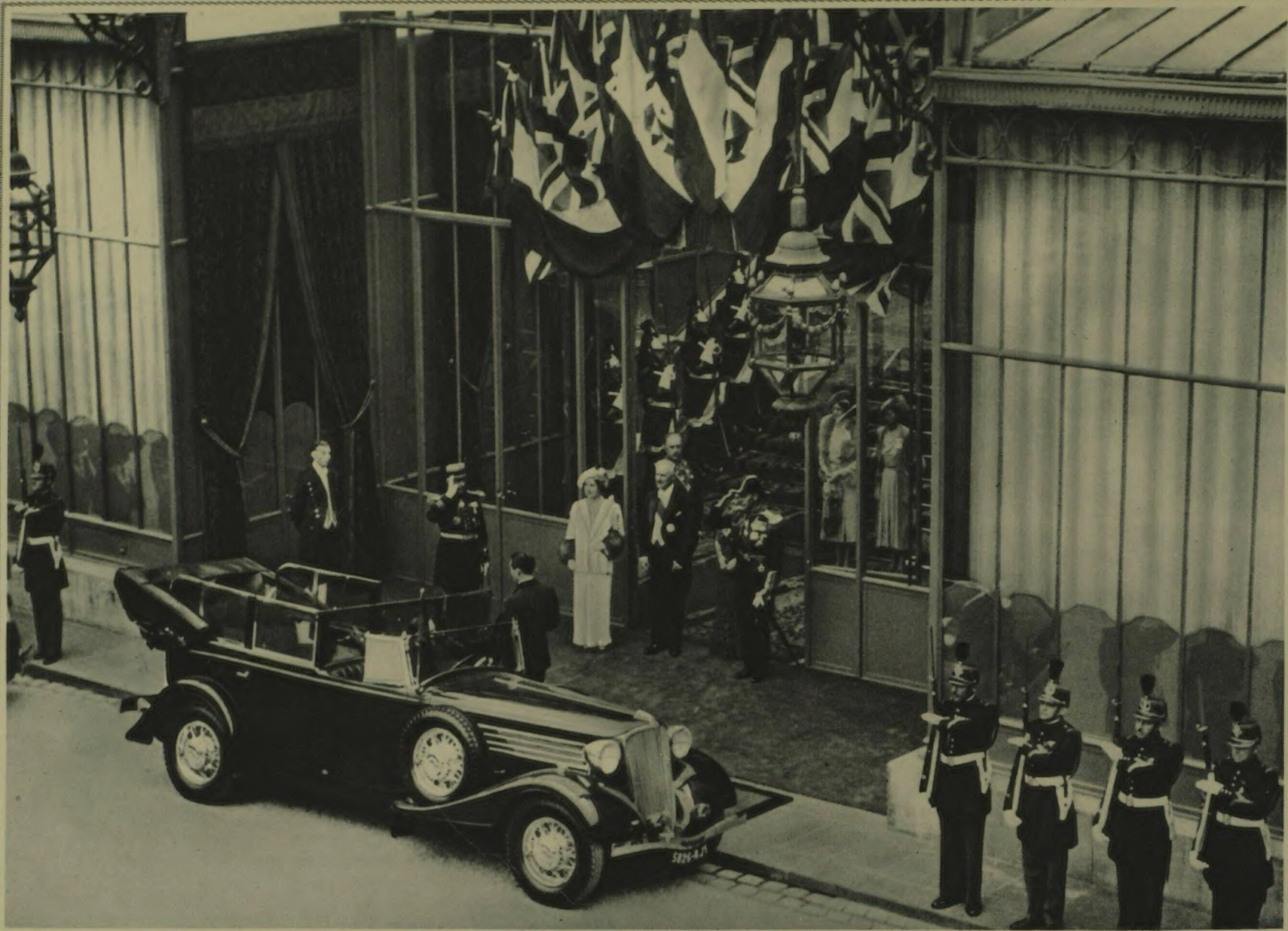
JULY 19; AFTERNOON: THE ROYAL CARS, ESCORTED BY A DETACHMENT OF THE MOUNTED GARDE REPUBLICAINE AND FLANKED BY MOTOR-CYCLISTS, CROSSING THE PONT DE LA CONCORDE EN ROUTE TO THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

After their Majesties' arrival at the Gare du Bois de Boulogne, the King entered a car with the President of the Republic, and the Queen a second with Mme. Lebrun. The procession moved off escorted by a strong detachment of the mounted Garde Républicaine. Our photograph shows the royal cars, *en route* to the Quai d'Orsay, crossing the Pont de la Concorde, which was kept clear of spectators and lined by Algerian riflemen. In the left background are seen the Obelisk of Luxor and (just beyond)

the Ministry of Marine. To the right the roofs of the Opéra are visible, and in the far distance (left) the Basilique du Sacré-Cœur, on the Butte Montmartre. The arrangements were supervised by officials of the Police Prefecture, who flew low over the route in a dirigible. The Place de la Concorde was decorated with the Arms of Great Britain and France (seen on right). It was encircled with tanks. The King and Queen arrived in Paris at 4.50 p.m. and reached the Palais d'Orsay at 5.20. (Keystone.)



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: AT THE ELYSÉE.



JULY 19; AFTERNOON: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE ELYSÉE AFTER CALLING ON M. LEBRUN, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, AND MME. LEBRUN—THE OCCASION ON WHICH HIS MAJESTY CONFERRED ON HIS HOST THE GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH. (Keystone.)



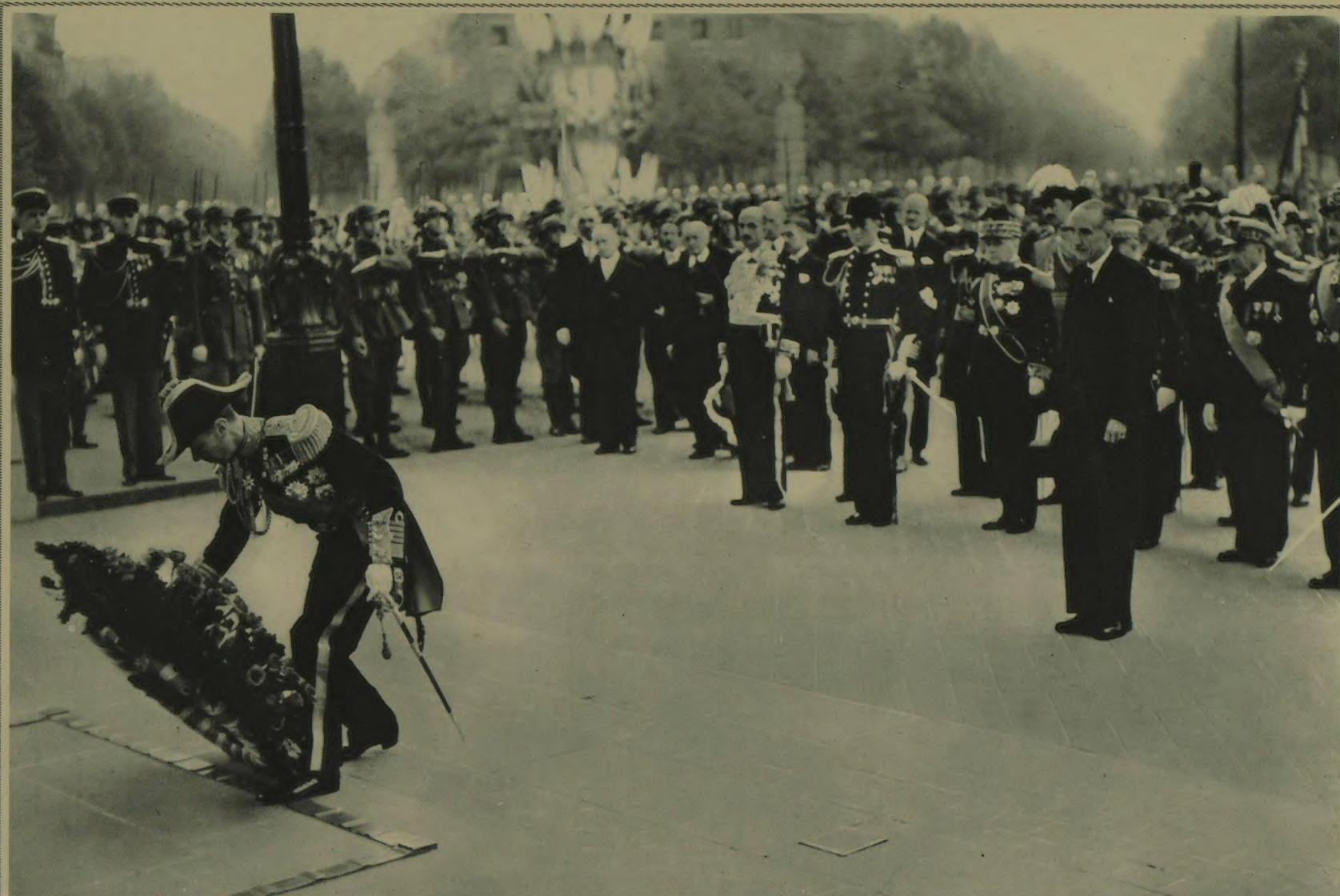
JULY 19; EVENING: THE STATE BANQUET GIVEN IN THEIR MAJESTIES' HONOUR BY THE PRESIDENT AND MME. LEBRUN AT THE ELYSÉE; WITH THE QUEEN CHATTING TO M. JEANNENEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE; AND MME. LEBRUN SEATED TO THE LEFT OF THE CENTRE TABLE-DECORATION. (A.P.)

Shortly after the King and Queen had entered the Quai d'Orsay Palace, where they stayed, they left again, at 5.50, to call on the President of the Republic and Mme. Lebrun at the Palais d'Elysée. The President and his wife welcomed their Majesties at the vestibule steps and conducted them to the Salon des Ambassadeurs. The King then conferred on his host the Grand Cross of the

Order of the Bath; and the President conferred on the Queen the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. At 8 o'clock their Majesties again left the Quai d'Orsay, to attend a State banquet in their honour at the Elysée. For this function, the Queen wore an open crown with the Koh-i-Noor in the centre. The King was in the uniform of Marshal of the Royal Air Force.



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: "AUX MORTS."



JULY 20; MORNING: KING GEORGE LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE; THOSE PRESENT INCLUDING THE CHIEFS OF STAFF OF THE FRENCH ARMY, NAVY, AND AIR FORCE. (P.N.A.)



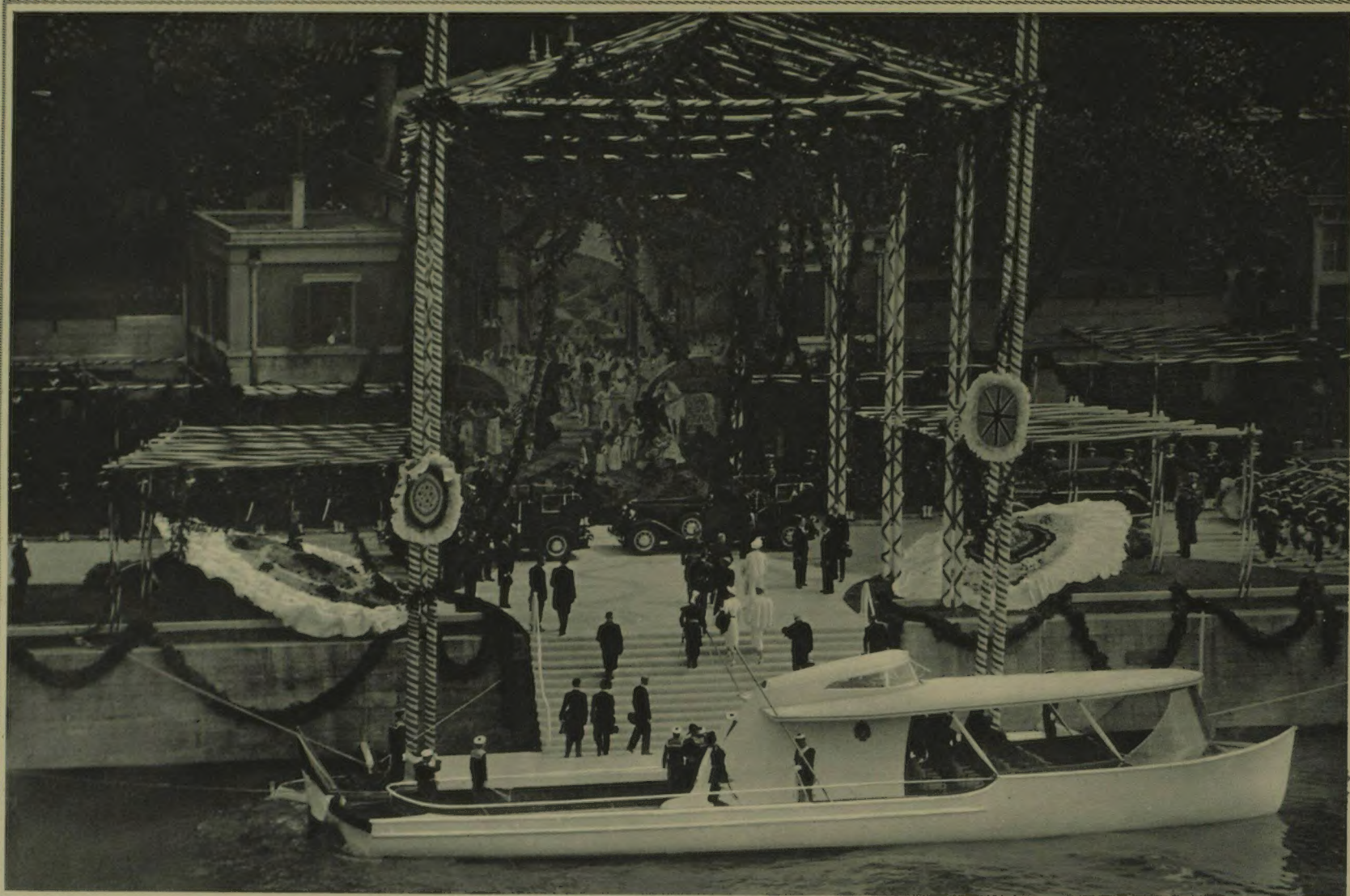
JULY 20: KING GEORGE, AFTER LAYING THE WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND STANDING AT THE SALUTE DURING A MINUTE'S SILENCE, SIGNING THE GOLDEN BOOK AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE. (P.N.A.)

The day after their Majesties' arrival in Paris opened with the ceremony of the laying of a wreath, by the King, on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. Round the Arc de Triomphe was a guard of Algerian and Moroccan Spahis. Grouped there also were delegates of the French ex-Servicemen's organisation carrying their colours, accompanied by members of the British Legion bearing Union Jacks. General Gamelin, Vice-Admiral Darlan, and

General Vuillemin, heads of the French Army, Navy and Air Force, were also present; together with General Billotte, the Governor of Paris, and General Gouraud. After the King had laid the great wreath of Flanders poppies and golden beech leaves on the Tomb, the "Aux Morts" bugle call was sounded. His Majesty saluted, and silence was observed. The royal wreath bore the simple inscription: "From King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth."



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: ON THE SEINE.



JULY 20; MORNING: THE KING AND QUEEN LANDING FROM THE ROYAL BARGE AT A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TAPESTRIED LANDING-STAGE NEAR THE PONT D'ARCOLE, FROM WHENCE THEY DROVE TO THE HÔTEL DE VILLE FOR THE RECEPTION BY THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL. (Planet.)



JULY 20; THE RETURN FROM THE HÔTEL DE VILLE: THEIR MAJESTIES SEATED BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND MME. LEBRUN IN THE BOWS OF THE ROYAL BARGE WHICH HAD CONVEYED THEM ALONG THE SEINE TO THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL'S RECEPTION. (Planet.)

On July 20 the King and Queen embarked in the royal barge with the President of the Republic and Mme. Lebrun, and travelled along the Seine to the Hôtel de Ville, where a reception in their honour was held by the Paris Municipal Council. The barge was escorted by seven naval launches and, as the royal party stepped on board, the Royal Standard and the Presidential Tricolour were hoisted on masts on either side of the vessel. Their Majesties

landed at a specially constructed landing-stage, near the Pont d'Arcole (decorated with a magnificent tapestry and covered with a white and gold canopy), where municipal officials were awaiting them. The return to the Quai d'Orsay was made in the same manner. The guard of honour at the Quai d'Orsay was provided by eight bare-footed sailors, who lowered their halberds, in accordance with French naval custom, as the royal party went aboard.



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: THE TOWN HALL.



JULY 20; MORNING: AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS, WHEN THE KING REPLIED IN FRENCH TO THE SPEECHES OF WELCOME FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND THE PRÉFECT OF THE SEINE. ("Times.")



JULY 20: THE QUEEN SIGNING THE SPECIAL PARCHMENT RECORD OF THE ROYAL VISIT AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE RECEPTION; WATCHED BY THE KING AND M. LEBRUN (RIGHT). (Keystone.)

The King and Queen, as already described, proceeded by water to the Hôtel de Ville, where they were entertained at a reception by the Municipal Council of Paris. This opened with a speech of welcome from the new President of the Municipal Council, M. le Provost de Launay, made to their Majesties, seated, with M. Lebrun, on a low dais. This was followed by another speech made by the Préfet of the Seine Department, in which he emphasised the moral ties

which, he declared, bound the French and British peoples. The King replied to these speeches in French, alluding to the visits of his grandfather and his father, and voicing the appreciation felt at the warmth of his own and the Queen's welcome. Their Majesties then walked down the length of the hall, and signed a parchment recording their visit. They then passed into the Salon des Arcades to receive the gifts presented by the City of Paris.



# The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

## THE DRAMA IN SEARCH OF ITS YOUTH.

IN high summer, those who go to the theatre may do so in the loveliest surroundings. The drama disperses. A certain number of shows continue, of course, in the West End of London, and August may be a profitable month for them, because there are many visitors in town and, as everybody knows, there is no feat which stands further beyond human endurance than sitting for an entire evening in the lounge or sitting-room of an hotel. At the same time, however, we can wander off to do our playgoing beside hills and rivers. Some of it is of a most sophisticated kind. Nowhere, for example, are the appeal to intelligence and the standard of performance likely to be higher than at Malvern, whose lay saint and patriarchal patron will once more be Mr. Bernard Shaw. But in the summer festivals one does also find the drama going delightfully in search of its childhood and doing simple things in simple ways.

The English drama began with the arrival of actors who wheeled a platform about and set it, very often, against the walls of a church, there to perform a miracle play in honour of their guild, their town, and their faith. Very much the same thing now happens every July at Tewkesbury. This time, the actors were skilled and professional persons, but their stage was outside the Abbey and their object was to find funds for the preservation of that noble building. This year, they were truly performing "miracle plays," like the first players of our dramatic history, having chosen Mr. James Bridie's two pieces of Old Jewry, the tales of "Tobias and the Angel" and of "Jonah and the Whale"—drama well suited to its environment of mediæval stone, set majestically in the little country town.

The result was enchanting, so that Cotswold enthusiast, Mr. John Moore, and his associates of the quiet Gloucestershire scene where Shakespeare's Avon mingles with Milton's "Sabrina fair" were paying appropriate and simultaneous respects both to the art of the theatre and the art of ecclesiastical architecture by linking them together in this happy way. There is an instinct in most people who have a sense of history and beauty to set the mummers moving in summertime on famous lawns and under ancient towers.

The Greek plays, which are the fountain-head of all European drama, began with ritual round the tomb of a hero and celebrated his greatness the better to ensure the immortality of his renown. The civic or village pageant of our English summers is, in a similar way, a tribute to ancestral achievements and to "heroes long ago," and puts the wreath of the dramatic artist on "the grassy barrows of the happier dead." Early drama was often a trifle didactic; its chorus was an ethical force, stressing the moral qualities

of the tribal hero, expounding the ways of Heaven, and calling man to betterment. And still the village performance can summon us to reform. Mr. E. M. Forster's recent pageant at Abinger, for example, exhorted the English countryman to save his English country from the new type of invader who comes with mess and litter instead of with fire and sword.

Not long ago, I was on holiday in Denmark, whose genial folk delight in shows and jollifications of all kinds. They love to set up a stage in the inn or woodland restaurant and have song and clowning laid on with the beer and sandwiches, the coffee and the cakes. At one such restaurant, in the Great Deer Park which lies beside the sea to the north of

Heath and Ken Wood were part of Copenhagen, there would be all manner of restaurants (and good ones, too) where you could mingle the pleasures of a chop with those of the clown, the dancer, and the mountebank, all for a few shillings, with a nice stroll there and back.

It is profoundly true that that kind of performance, with its quick and intimate relationships between the player and the audience, its gags and sallies and repartees, is a great nurse of wit and readiness in actors. You may call it primitive when compared with the expensive elaborations of a modern film. But surely it is a livelier, more invigorating experience to meet the artist at close quarters and take part in his companionable antics, fling a jest and join a chorus, than to sit mum as one of myriads in a vast, impersonal picture palace, watching the machine grind out an entertainment which shows every sign of mechanical production.

This is not to be intolerant. There is room for all. Let the super-film be spread before its multitudinous fanciers; let us also have, as other countries do, the little homely personal shows, perhaps in a garden, perhaps on some tavern or restaurant stage, where we can spend an hour or two on our holiday occasions and watch the young idea of mirth learning its business and inventing new quips. The North of England still maintains, here and there, its tavern "smokers," where the local talent goes to the piano and shows its skill. Hence rose many of our greatest music-hall comedians. The South, so rich in parklands and pleasaunces, should have its summer diversions of a similar kind, where the art of the theatre could be a child and romp again.

I have mentioned specifically Hampstead Heath as the kind of place where the unpretentious cabaret-restaurant ought to exist. Almost every big town has some such place and London is richer in opportunity than most.

In my ideal London, people, on summer nights, would go down to Greenwich, or up to Richmond, by large, comfortable, well-equipped boats, feed at a restaurant in either of the lovely riverside parks, and then have a little show thrown in, a touch of revue, all intimate and affable and inexpensive.

One of the troubles of the Englishman in search of fun is that he thinks too large and is ready to spend too much. So he spoils things for his poorer neighbours. The kind of simple theatre which I have in mind can be run very cheaply elsewhere; why not here? If our summer shows are to have the spirit of youth, let them face youth's poverty as well. If the words be good the trappings can afford to be rags.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC AND MME. LEBRUN, IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE OPÉRA ON JULY 20.

At 10 p.m. on July 20 the King and Queen, accompanied by the President of the Republic and Mme. Lebrun, were present at the Opéra for a gala performance arranged in their honour. Their Majesties were conducted to the Royal Box by torch-bearers and, on making their entry, were greeted with enthusiastic clapping by the audience of some 3000 distinguished persons. The programme opened with the fourth scene from "Salammbô," the nineteenth-century opera by E. Reyer, one of the most brilliant items in the répertoire. (Photographic News Agencies.)

Copenhagen, there was an inscription over the stage to remind us that all the art of the theatre sprang from the simple mummings and clownings of the village. That is true, and it is a truth which the English do not sufficiently appreciate.

Our chief holiday entertainment is the concert party performing in a pier pavilion, a specifically English form of show and one which has been and, I hope, still is, a great school of comedians. So far, so good. But I wish that in our urban open spaces we could establish something of that cabaret spirit, which works so strongly to mellow life in many foreign towns. Cabaret in England usually means something very elegant and expensive, whose companion is the glass of champagne, and not the tankard of ale or humble coffee-pot. Why this limitation? If Hampstead



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: BRITISH EVENTS.



JULY 20; AFTERNOON: THE KING AND QUEEN INSPECTING MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH LEGION AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY BEFORE PARTAKING OF LUNCHEON, AT WHICH ONLY FOURTEEN GUESTS WERE PRESENT, FOLLOWING WHICH THE MARQUIS DE LILLERS CONFERRED ON THE QUEEN THE RED CROSS MEDAL OF HONOUR. (A.P.)



JULY 20; AFTERNOON: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE PRESIDENT AND MME. LEBRUN, AT THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART AT THE LOUVRE—HER MAJESTY EXAMINING A PICTURE WITH THE PRESIDENT (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AND (IN BACKGROUND) SIR KENNETH CLARK, SURVEYOR OF THE KING'S PICTURES. (A.P.)

The second day of their Majesties' visit to France was crowded with events. After a morning of engagements, the King and Queen had an informal luncheon at the British Embassy, at which only fourteen guests were present. Previously they had inspected members of the British Legion; and a number of French personalities were presented to them, including the widows of the wartime Marshals, Foch, Lyautey and Joffre; Marshal and Mme. Pétain; and General Gouraud.

After the lunch, the Queen had the Red Cross Medal of Honour conferred on her by the Marquis de Lillers, president of the French Red Cross National Council. In the afternoon their Majesties, accompanied by the President and Mme. Lebrun, visited the Exhibition of British Art at the Louvre, which closed officially on July 17. The royal party was conducted round by M. Zav, Minister of Education, Sir Evan Charteris, Chairman of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery, and Sir Kenneth Clark, Surveyor of the King's Pictures.



# DANCING THROUGH THE AGES.

"WORLD HISTORY OF THE DANCE": By CURT SACHS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"THIS is going to be a long trail," thought I, as I picked up this huge book on dancing and found that it began with accounts of dancing of orange-yellow chickens in British Guiana, stilt-birds at Cape York, and anthropoid apes in Teneriffe. "And this," thought I, as I came upon prolonged analyses of dances, with illustrations from the habits of the Wanyamwezi, the Suk, the Monumbo Papua, and the inhabitants of Papua, "is going to be like a specialised tome of the Frazer sort, with a great deal of Teutonic theorising added." But it was not long before I found that the author had as light a style as was compatible with his material, that he was a man of very general culture, that he really enjoyed dancing (even seeing in it something divine), instead of regarding dances as things merely to be catalogued and preferably observed amongst savages, and that he had produced a book so comprehensive and versatile that nothing on the subject can be compared with it. Those who do not care about the gyrations of chimpanzees may, if they care, go to Bali with him; the music is as familiar to him as the symbolism; and if his earlier pages could only interest scientific students, his later might be discussed in any night-club.

After beginning with some observations on the universality of dancing, he proceeds, with German thoroughness, to a tabulation of every possible sort and element of dancing. There are two main types, he says: "In both types of dance the corporal limitations of man are conquered and the subconscious is freed, the difference being that in the inharmonious dances this is accomplished by means of a mortification of the flesh, in the harmonious dances by an exaltation of it, by a release from gravity, by motion upwards and forwards." Thereafter we are, for a time, in a grave treatise about expanded, close, and sitting dances, leap, slap, lift, stride, skip, squat-ting, whirl, wrench, lurch, and one-legged dances, image dances, imageless dances, marriage, funeral, fire and fertility dances, turtle-dances and tree-creeper dances. Then we reach the various kinds of dance music—in fact, we have gone through a whole volume (two hundred pages) of general anthropological prolegomena before we reach the historical section proper, and plunge *seriatim* through Palæolithic man and his successors up to the ancient Egyptians, each culture related to its dances. Of the upper Egyptian classes he says, by the way, that they had no dancers: they left it to the peasants and the professionals.

Thereafter we come to a more familiar world. The second half of the book is devoted to dancing from Greek and Roman times onwards, and is an encyclopædia in itself of European dances, with notations and lists of technical terms. In early Rome direct descendants of primitive ritual dances flourished, "the spring processions of the sowing priests for the purification of the fields, and the weapon dances of the warriors and the priests of Mars." Later, Etruscan and Greek choreography held sway: "In vain does Scipio Africanus, about 150 B.C., close the dancing schools. Rome has been captivated by an art which is, and remains, alien to its inner nature." In vain, also, did Cicero, that typical Roman rationalist, make his celebrated remark that no sober person danced; the Empire was

soon to be dominated by Greek miming dances. And how skilful they must have been! Once in the time of Nero a pantomime was danced before the Cynic Demetrius. "The time-beaters, the flutes, even the chorus, were ordered to preserve a strict silence; and the pantomime, left to his own resources [like a dancing Ruth Draper], represented the loves of Ares and Aphrodite, the tell-tale Sun, the craft of Hephæstus, his capture of the two lovers in the net, the surrounding Gods, each in his turn, the blushes of Aphrodite, the embarrassment of Ares, his entreaties

dance, has in Europe given, if not its theme, at least its name to the national dance of a very un-Moorish and un-Spanish people. The English *Morris Dance*, to which we refer, is perhaps the dance most closely bound up with the life of the British people. It was therefore properly revived in 1899."

All this is to be expected in a book setting out to be as comprehensive as this, and the greyest and most bespectacled of professors might dig it all out of libraries. Nor is the reader surprised when, having begun with animals and Stone Age men, he is still learnedly led on through the pavanes and gaillards, the covantos and sarabandes to the minuet, acquiring much varied knowledge on the way—as, for instance, the fact that in 1583 an English pamphleteer complained that his compatriots danced "cheek to cheek." But when he gets to the waltz and has not yet ended, one sees that he is one of those rare scientific men who realise that the present is as much history as the past, and that the raw materials of anthropology are still in the making.

One even suspects him of dancing himself. He welcomes the arrival of the waltz. "For the first time in many years, the dance has again become truly ecstatic: exultation, surrender and extinction of the world round about." It was not accepted in England until 1812 (it is strange that he who quotes Burns and Goldsmith as easily as the most recondite scientists should have overlooked Byron's violent attack on it for its immodesty!), and there was the great, and in some cases invincible, reluctance of the courts, where there was no inclination to allow carefully guarded princesses "to float away intoxicated with love in an ecstasy of joy." Napoleon frowned on everything except the formal dances, and the waltz was still prohibited at the court balls of the German Imperial house in the reign of Wilhelm II. But it triumphed, and "this is extremely significant: for the first time in centuries a dance conquers the world without the sanction of the powers-that-be, of courts, of dancing-masters, or of France."

The triumph of individualism in the nineteenth century inevitably raises the couple dance to the leading position and allows the choral dance to fall back." And so he comes to what he calls "The Twentieth Century, The Tango Period," glancing on his way at the turkey-trot, the fox-trot, the shimmy, "the grotesquely distorted Charleston," and the rumba. He welcomes the movement on the whole. "But the result of this blood transfusion is not satisfactory. There is little doubt that its success has not been permanent: in the first place, there is the supercilious attitude of all dancers when asked about a dance that was in vogue two or three years before and has now been completely discarded; in the second place, the anxiety regarding what is to be danced next winter; and in the third place, the loss of character which all these dances have suffered on European soil." But "civilisation demands close movement," and adaptation and

stabilisation will come—though he omits to notice the vested interests' demand that new dances should stale as quickly as new hats. He finishes by an eloquent panegyric of the dance, ending with the sentence, "Whosoever knoweth the power of the dance dwelleth in God." But this charming, if laborious, enthusiast, had the Lambeth Walk not been too late for him, would have been quite capable of making the last word in his book the cheerful exclamation "Oi!"

The illustrations range from cave-paintings to drawings of Isadora Duncan, and the translation is excellent.



WHEN DANCERS FROM MONTMARTRE PERFORMED BEFORE ROYALTY FOR THE FIRST TIME: WHITE-ROBED SYLPHS IN AN OPEN-AIR BALLET GIVEN ON A FLOATING ISLAND IN THE LAKE AT THE BAGATELLE DURING THE GARDEN-PARTY AT WHICH THE PARIS MUNICIPAL COUNCIL ENTERTAINED THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN. (Wide World.)



ANOTHER FIGURE OF THE DANCE ON THE "FLOATING ISLAND": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE CHARMING EFFECT GAINED WHEN THE DANCERS WERE MIRRORED IN THE WATER. (Keystone.)

The dancers in this charmingly thought-out entertainment appeared on a raft moored in the lake. A full orchestra was on the bank, concealed by a row of weeping willows.

in fact, the whole story. Demetrius was ravished at the spectacle; nor could there be higher praise than that which rewarded the performer. "Man," he shrieked at the top of his voice, "this is not seeing, but hearing and seeing, both: 'tis as if your hands were tongues!"

There is an immense amount of information about mediæval dancing, some of which makes very tough reading for the non-specialist, though here and there one comes across facts of general interest, such as this: "By a strange irony of fate the *moresque*, the most exotic element in the mediæval

\* "World History of the Dance." By Curt Sachs. Translated by Bessie Schönberg. Illustrated. (Allen and Unwin; 20s.)



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: AT BAGATELLE.



JULY 20; AFTERNOON: THE ROYAL GUESTS AT THE GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES BY THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL; SHOWING THE KING AND QUEEN SEATED WITH M. AND MME. LEBRUN; AND LORD HALIFAX, THE BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER, STEPPING ON TO THE GRASS AT THE RIGHT. (P.N.A.)



JULY 20: THE IDYLIC APPEARANCE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE BAGATELLE PARK, IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE; THE DANCERS APPEARING ON A "FLOATING ISLAND" IN THE LAKE BEFORE THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE. (A.P.)

On the afternoon of July 20, their Majesties were entertained at a garden-party by the Paris Municipal Council in the Park at Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne. It will be recalled that the historic pavilion was completely rebuilt in a month by the Comte d'Artois to win a wager from his sister-in-law, Queen Marie-Antoinette. A royal enclosure had been roped off in the shade of a group of huge elm-trees; with a special buffet for the King and Queen and 200 privileged guests. The main feature of the afternoon was an

open-air ballet. In this, dancers from Montmartre, for the first time in history, had been invited to perform before visiting Royalty. Most of the programme, it is understood, came from the Bal Tabarin revue. The dancing took place on rafts moored in the lake. There was also a display of Paris fashions by mannequins. The King and Queen sat with President and Mme Lebrun in eighteenth-century arm-chairs set on the lawn near the lake's edge.



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: EMBASSY DINNER.



JULY 20; EVENING: THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING THE QUAI D'ORSAY PALACE FOR THE BRITISH EMBASSY, WHERE THEY ENTERTAINED THE PRESIDENT AND MME. LEBRUN TO DINNER BEFORE ATTENDING THE OPERA.

Before attending the gala performance at the Opéra on July 20, the King and Queen entertained the President of the Republic and Mme. Lebrun to dinner at the British Embassy. About sixty guests were present, and the long table was furnished with the famous gold candelabra presented by Napoleon to his sister and subsequently bought by the Duke of Wellington when Ambassador in Paris. Over her white dress her Majesty wore the red riband of the Grand Cross of the

Legion of Honour, which the President had conferred on her the previous evening; while the King was in Field-Marshal's uniform. Later, their Majesties drove to the Opéra from the Embassy, with a mounted escort, along streets crowded with spectators who had been patiently waiting for hours to see the King and Queen go by, and a similar enthusiastic throng awaited them when they returned to the Palais d'Orsay after the performance. (Planet.)



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: INFORMALITY.



JULY 21; MORNING: THE QUEEN TALKING TO A PATIENT AT THE HERTFORD BRITISH HOSPITAL AT LEVALLOIS-PERRET, WHICH SHE VISITED BEFORE JOINING THE KING AT VERSAILLES—AN INSTANCE OF HER MAJESTY'S CONSIDERATION IN SPITE OF THE MANY ENGAGEMENTS OF THE PARIS VISIT. (Planet.)



JULY 21; AFTERNOON: THE QUEEN AND MME. LEBRUN ARRIVING AT VERSAILLES TO JOIN THE KING AND THE PRESIDENT AT LUNCHEON IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CLEARLY THE BULLET-PROOF GLASS SCREEN WHICH PROTECTED THE ROYAL CARS. (Photographic News Agencies.)

On July 21 the King left for Versailles to witness a review of 50,000 troops of the French Army; while the Queen, accompanied by Countess Spencer and Lady Phipps, wife of the British Ambassador to Paris, visited the Hertford British Hospital at Levallois-Perret. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides were drawn up in the courtyard and dipped their colours in salute as her Majesty arrived. In spite of the many pressing engagements of the Paris visit, the Queen showed

her usual consideration by stopping in her round of the hospital to exchange a few words with every patient. Further, she inaugurated the new Coronation ward before leaving and spoke to each member of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides who formed the guard of honour. Later her Majesty and Mme. Lebrun left for Versailles, where they joined the King and the President at luncheon in the Hall of Mirrors and attended a concert of sacred music in the chapel.



## THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END:

PHOTOGRAPH BY



JULY 21: AFTERNOON—THE MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN THEIR MAJESTIES AT VERSAILLES: THE QUEEN IN CONVERSATION WITH PRESIDENT LEBRUN DURING THE BANQUET IN THE HISTORIC HALL OF MIRRORS.



BRINGING BACK THE SPLENDID DAYS OF THE "GRAND SIÈCLE" AT VERSAILLES: SOME OF THE 125 FOOTMEN, IN PERIOD COSTUME, WHO WAITED AT THE BANQUET; AND THE SUMPTUOUSLY ADORNED TABLES FACING THE TERRACES OUTSIDE.



THE DIVERTISSEMENT GIVEN BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES: A NYMPH RECITES MOLIERE'S "COMPLIMENT AU ROY," FROM A "GROTTA," DURING A FÊTE-CHAMPÊTRE IN THE BOISQUET D'APOLLON.



ANOTHER STAGE IN THE BEAUTIFULLY THOUGHT OUT SERIES OF ENTERTAINMENTS GIVEN THEIR MAJESTIES AT VERSAILLES: THE CHAPEL, WHERE A PROGRAMME OF MUSIC WAS PLAYED, FILLED WITH ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN LOUIS XIV. COSTUME.

Antoinette. In the banquet-hall three long tables were set, and ran from end to end of the gallery, which is 240 ft. long. All the 260 guests were ranged along one side of the tables, so that each had a perfect view of the terraces and fountains outside. Luncheon was served by 125 footmen in the livery of the "Grand Siècle"—white wigs, and coats of royal blue, heavily braided with white and scarlet. The menu was of the most elaborate order and champagnes

## THE "GRAND SIÈCLE" REVIVED AT HISTORIC VERSAILLES.

CHRO. SCHALL



THE CHARMING DIVERTISSEMENT IN THE BOISQUET D'APOLLON: A BALLET BEING DANCED BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES (SEATED ON THE DAI'S AT THE BACK), WHILE A "RUSTIC FÊTE" IS IN PROGRESS ON THE RIGHT.



AT THE BANQUET IN THE HALL OF MIRRORS, WHERE THE PEACE TREATY WAS SIGNED IN 1919: QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH PRESIDENT LEBRUN ON HER RIGHT; KING GEORGE ON THE PRESIDENT'S RIGHT; AND MADAME LEBRUN BEYOND.



IN THE GALLERY OF THE CHAPEL: PRESIDENT LEBRUN EXPLAINING POINTS OF INTEREST TO HER MAJESTY; WITH VISCOUNT HALIFAX, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, SEEN SEATED BEYOND; AND (ON THE LEFT) M. PAUL BONCOUR.



THE FULL-SCALE REVIVAL OF THE LOUIS QUATORZE ATMOSPHERE DURING THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO VERSAILLES—PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST ELABORATE PAGEANTS EVER DEVISED FOR ROYALTY IN MODERN TIMES: MUSICIANS IN WIGS AND RUFFLES.

After the great military parade at Versailles on July 21, which is illustrated on the following page, there was a State luncheon in their Majesties' honour in the historic Hall of Mirrors at the Château, where the German Empire was proclaimed 67 years ago and the Peace Treaty was signed in 1919. This was given amid surroundings which reproduced the atmosphere of the "Grand Siècle" of Louis XIV. Queen Elizabeth used a boudoir which was formerly that of Marie

supplied from their private reserves by leading growers included a Pommery of 1895, the year of the King's birth, and a Veuve Clicquot of 1900, when the Queen was born. After luncheon the royal party repaired to the Chapel, where gathered some eighty actors and actresses of the Comédie Française, dressed in the wigs and brocaded dresses of the period, giving a perfect illusion of the past. Sacred music was performed by a choir and orchestra. Their Majesties

next proceeded to visit the famous park, going by car—the first time in history that a King and Queen had so toured the gardens. At the Boisquet d'Apollon their arrival "interrupted" a *fête-champêtre*; and a nymph (personified by a famous actress) advanced to speak Molière's "Compliment au Roy." When this was done, other nymphs appeared and a *divertissement*, planned by the *maître de ballet* at the Opéra, was presented.



# THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS—FROM BEGINNING TO END: THE REVIEW.



JULY 21; MORNING: KING GEORGE SALUTING DURING THE GREAT MILITARY PARADE AT VERSAILLES; WITH M. LEBRUN BESIDE HIM; (L. TO R.; IN FRONT) GEN. GOURAUD, SIR ERIC PHIPPS, LORD HALIFAX, M. JEANNENEY, PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, AND M. HERRIOT, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. (Wide World.)



JULY 21: THE POILU OF FRANCE, STILL THE BACKBONE OF THE ARMY IN SPITE OF MECHANISATION, PLAYS HIS PART IN THE PARADE, WITH AN IMPRESSIVE MARCH-PAST IN PAIRED BLOCKS OF A HUNDRED MEN. (P.N.A.)

July 21 was the day of the great spectacle of French military might shown to King George at Versailles. The review was held in the Avenue de Paris, before the Château de Versailles. It opened with a fanfare of cavalry trumpets; and was led by three mounted generals. Then, in order, came cavalry, Spahis, and the cadets of the three military schools; Chasseurs Alpins, with trim blue uniforms—some carrying brightly painted skis; several divisions of khaki-clad infantry marching in double blocks of a hundred men and distinguished by the

high proportion of automatic rifles in their ranks; Colonial infantry with red fezes; and Algerian *tirailleurs* in full dress. Then it was the turn of the mechanised arm; motor-drawn "75's" and anti-aircraft guns; light and heavy machine-guns, and heavy artillery, all mechanised; and, last of all, tanks, swarms of light and medium types, and huge machines which made the ground tremble. The parade closed with a fly-past of aeroplanes. King George called up General Billotte, Military Governor of Paris, and warmly congratulated him.



# "OVER THEM ALL AUSTRALIA'S TOWER KEEPS WATCH AND WARD."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS AGENCIES.



THE UNVEILING, BY THE KING, OF THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL AT VILLERS-BRETONNEUX: HIS MAJESTY, BETWEEN THE QUEEN AND PRESIDENT LEBRUN, SPEAKING FROM THE DAIS AT THE FOOT OF THE CENTRAL TOWER.

On July 22 the King unveiled the Australian National War Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux, on ground known in the war as "Hill 104," the scene of a brilliant counter-attack by Australian troops. President Lebrun described the site as "this plot of French soil, now become Australian." His Majesty said, in the course of his moving speech: "This ridge, on which we stand, surveyed those hard-fought actions, and the monument which crowns it will commemorate them for all time. . . .

It looks down on a hallowed field, beneath whose soil, consecrated to God and to their glorious memory, lie the men who came from every corner of the earth to fight for ideals common to the whole Empire. They rest in peace, while over them all Australia's tower keeps watch and ward." At the end of his speech the King pressed a button and the Australian flags (shown in the above photograph) veiling the base of the tower thereupon fell to the ground.



"THE GATEWAY THROUGH WHICH AUSTRALIA PASSED . . . TO MANHOOD."



THE KING'S TRIBUTE TO AUSTRALIA'S DEAD: HIS MAJESTY PLACING A WREATH AT THE AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL JUST AFTER HE HAD UNVEILED IT: A VIEW SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION MENTIONED IN HIS SPEECH.

After the King had unveiled the Memorial, speeches were delivered by President Lebrun and Sir Earle Page, Deputy Prime Minister of Australia. Next followed the Service of Dedication and the sounding of Last Post and Reveille by buglers on top of the tower. His Majesty then placed a wreath of poppies at the foot of the monument, as also did M. Lebrun (seen, with his wreath, on the right in the above photograph) and Sir Earle Page. In his speech just before he

performed the unveiling ceremony, the King said: "On this monument there is an inscription, telling . . . that it perpetuates the memory of the Australian Imperial Forces in France and Flanders, and of 11,000 of them who fell in France and have no known grave. . . . It is also a symbol, marking the first entry into history of a young and vigorous nation—the gateway through which Australia passed from youth to manhood." (Photograph by Keystone.)



# THE QUEEN'S TRIBUTE TO AUSTRALIA'S DEAD ADDED TO THE KING'S.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING A FLANDERS POPPY FROM A YOUNG FRENCH SCHOOLBOY, WHILE THE KING, STANDING BESIDE HER, LOOKS ON: A CHARMING INCIDENT AT VILLERS-BRETONNEUX BEFORE HIS MAJESTY UNVEILED THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL. (Graphic Photo Union.)



THE GIFT OF THE FRENCH SCHOOLBOY BECOMES A ROYAL OFFERING: THE QUEEN, AFTER A WHISPERED WORD WITH THE KING (SEEN LOOKING ON), PLACING THE POPPY ON THE WREATH WHICH HE HAD PREVIOUSLY DEPOSITED. (Photographic News Agencies.)

There was an unexpected incident at the unveiling of the Australian War Memorial which greatly moved the spectators—a sequel to the French schoolboy's offering to her Majesty shown in our upper photograph. The "Daily Telegraph and Morning Post" correspondent present wrote: "The ceremony was rendered the more memorable by a spontaneous tribute paid by the Queen. At the close of the religious service the King, President Lebrun and Sir Earle

Page, deputy Prime Minister of Australia, laid large wreaths of Flanders poppies at the foot of the memorial. Then they stepped back and stood with bowed heads. The Queen stepped forward alone. It was seen that her Majesty was holding in her right hand a solitary Flanders poppy, its red the more vivid against her dead-white dress. The Queen walked to the memorial, stooped and reverently placed it on top of the King's wreath."



## LONDON'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR RETURN FROM FRANCE: A TRIUMPHANT HOMECOMING.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST BRYAN DE CRINEAU.



A SCENE OF TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM REMINISCENT OF CORONATION DAY: THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THAT HISTORIC OCCASION, AND LIKEWISE GREETED BY AN OVATION FROM A VAST CROWD CHEERING AND WAVING, AND SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

London vied with the enthusiasm of their reception in Paris by giving the King and Queen a tremendous ovation when they returned after their four days' State visit to France. Their Majesties arrived at Victoria at 9.14 p.m. on July 22, and during the short drive from the station to Buckingham Palace the royal car was more than once held up as it passed slowly along amid the surging crowds that had gathered to welcome them home. It was a

remarkable demonstration of loyalty and regard on the part of the public, and a great personal triumph for the King and Queen. Around the Palace there was a still greater concourse of people, and the scenes that followed were reminiscent of the Coronation. For the first time since that event, in May of last year, their Majesties came out on the Palace balcony—the centre of so many other historic occasions—within a few minutes of their arrival

home, and the Queen was still wearing the white costume in which she had travelled from France. Their appearance was the signal for a renewed outburst of acclamations from the crowd, which had spent the time of waiting in cheering, singing the National Anthem, and chanting "We want the King and Queen." The cheering rose to a sustained roar, hands and handkerchiefs were waved, and men threw their hats in the air. For some five minutes

their Majesties remained side by side on the balcony, acknowledging the cheers, and the Queen kissed her hand to the delighted crowd. Then they stood motionless while "God Save the King" was sung once more, and, with a parting wave, withdrew into the Palace. Never before had any British Sovereign and his Consort received a more spontaneous and wholehearted tribute of popular affection and esteem.



# NEWS AT HOME AND ABROAD: A SURVEY BY CAMERA OF RECENT EVENTS.



BEFORE ESTABLISHING THREE NEW RECORDS FOR A TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT: "MERCURY," UPPER COMPONENT OF THE MAYO COMPOSITE AIRCRAFT, LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

The "Mercury," released from the Mayo Composite Aircraft, arrived in New York on July 21, twenty-five hours, eight minutes after she had left Foynes, West Ireland. This flight establishes three new records for (1) the first commercial flight across the Atlantic; (2) the first east-to-west crossing from Britain direct to Montreal; and (3) the fastest time for the east-to-west crossing from Foynes to Newfoundland (thirteen hours, twenty-nine minutes). (Planet.)

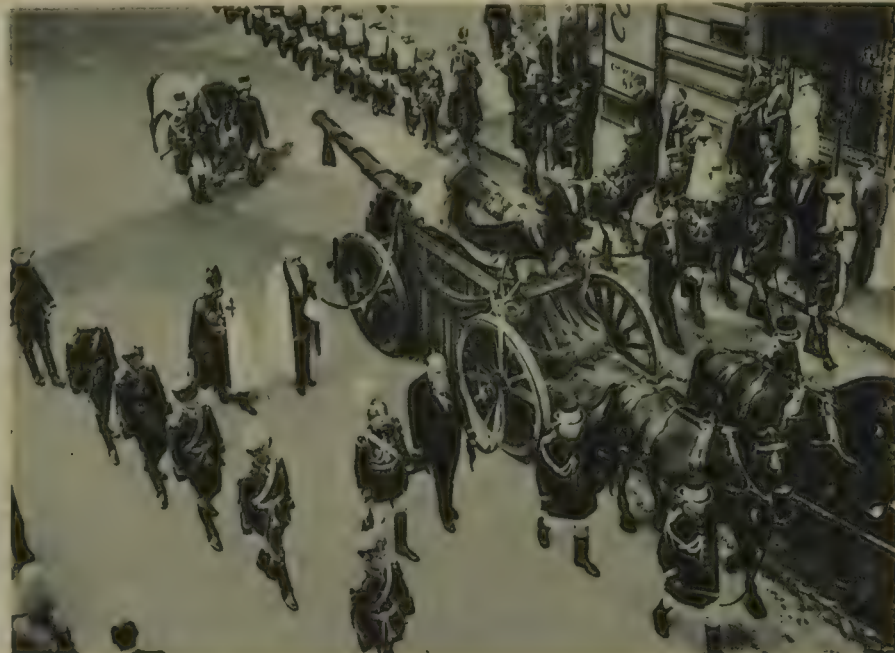


A MODEL OF PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD (SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF NAVY WEEK ATTRACTIONS) EXHIBITED AT WATERLOO STATION: A NOVEL FORM OF ADVERTISING WHICH HAS CREATED CONSIDERABLE INTEREST AMONG TRAVELLERS.

This model of Portsmouth Dockyard, with the positions of all the Navy Week attractions marked on it, is both a guide-book and map which might well be studied by all those who intend to visit Portsmouth during the "Week" (July 30-August 6). The model was made by Engineer Rear-Admiral T. Gurnell, C.B., and presented by him to the Navy Week committee. It has now been placed on exhibition at Waterloo Station and has created considerable interest among travellers, both young and old. Some points of interest are numbered in our photograph: (1) H.M.S. "Courageous," Flagship of Rear-Admiral Commanding Aircraft-Carriers; (2) H.M.S. "Iron Duke"; (3) "Victory" Museum; (4) H.M.S. "Victory"; (5) H.M.S. "Glasgow," our latest type of cruiser; (6) Admiralty House; (7) Royal Naval Barracks. Other attractions of Navy Week are a diving-display; a submarine demonstration; torpedo-firing by a destroyer; an aircraft attack on the cruiser "Aurora"; and manoeuvres demonstrated by skiffs. The new "Victory" Museum, which was opened on July 25, will provide a fresh centre of interest for visitors to Portsmouth this year; and Nelson's "Victory" has a universal appeal which never seems to grow less from year to year. All these points are clearly depicted on the model.



THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA—ATTENDED BY THE DUKE OF KENT: ROYAL MOURNERS FOLLOWING THE COFFIN THROUGH BUCHAREST.



FOLLOWED BY HER LATE MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE CHARGER: THE COFFIN OF QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA PASSING THROUGH BUCHAREST ON A GUN-CARRIAGE.



STRUCK BY A BOMB DURING AN INSURGENT AIR RAID ON BARCELONA: THE FAMOUS FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CATHEDRAL LITTERED WITH DÉBRIS.

On July 19 an insurgent squadron raided Barcelona and dropped some fifty bombs, one of which struck the Cathedral and penetrated the flat roof over the south aisle at the foot of the lantern. A ton of shattered masonry fell into the church and the explosion destroyed the greater part of the priceless fifteenth- and sixteenth-century stained-glass windows. (Wide World.)

The mortal remains of her Majesty Queen Marie of Rumania, who died at Pelishor Castle, Sinaia, on July 18, lay-in-state in the castle for two days, and in Cotroceni Palace, Bucharest, for three days. On July 24 the coffin was borne on a gun-carriage through the streets of Bucharest to the railway station, whence it was taken by train to Curtea de Argesh and buried next to that of the Queen's husband, King Ferdinand, who died in 1927. King Carol invited his brother Prince Nicholas, who was excluded from the Rumanian royal family in 1937, to return for the ceremony. The royal mourners shown in the above photograph include King Carol, the Prince of Hohenzollern, the Crown Prince, Prince Nicholas, the Archduke Anton, the Duke of Kent (representing the King), Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, and Prince Cyril of Bulgaria. (Keystone.)



CLIMBED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE NORTH WALL OF THE EIGER (LEFT) CONQUERED BY FOUR MOUNTAINEERS.

It was reported recently that two Bavarians, Herren Vörg and Heckmaier, and two Austrians, Herren Harrer and Kasperek, had succeeded in climbing the hitherto unconquered North Wall of the Eiger. Several attempts have been made in the past and many ended in tragedy, so that a notice was exhibited prohibiting the venture under threat of a small fine. The Bavarians started on July 22 and overtook the Austrians, who had started on the previous day. At 2 p.m. on July 24 all four reached the summit.



ON THE SITE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE PILTDOWN SKULL: THE MONOLITH MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY SIR ARTHUR KEITH.

On July 22 Sir Arthur Keith unveiled a monolith memorial in the grounds of Barkham Manor, Piltown, to mark the site of the discovery of the Piltown Skull by Mr. Charles Dawson. Part of the inscription states: "Here, in the old river gravel, Mr. Charles Dawson, F.S.A., found the fossil skull of Piltown Man, 1912-1913."



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



THE FOURTH TEST MATCH WON BY AUSTRALIA, WHO RETAIN THE ASHES: BRADMAN AND HAMMOND TOSsing-UP.

Australia beat England in the fourth Test Match at Leeds by five wickets; and so retained the Ashes. The match was one of the most exciting of recent years. England made 223 in their first innings; Australia only outdistanced them by nineteen runs (242); but on the third day England practically collapsed.



MR. A. W. BOURNE.  
The well-known obstetric surgeon, of Wimpole Street. Found *Not Guilty* in the "test case" in which he challenged the law with regard to certain operations. The B.M.A. cheered the verdict at their Conference at Plymouth.



CAPT. FRITZ WIEDEMANN.  
Herr Hitler's personal adjutant, who arrived in London on a secret mission on July 17. It was reliably stated that his visit included discussions with Lord Halifax on the question of Britain's attitude to the Czechoslovakian problem.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER IN LONDON: MOHAMED PASHA MAHMUD (LEFT) GREETED, BY THE EGYPTIAN AMBASSADOR AT VICTORIA.

Mohamed Pasha Mahmud, the Egyptian Prime Minister, arrived in London on July 20, for a short visit, during which he met Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain. It was understood that many technical and financial results of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty were being discussed. Mohamed Pasha Mahmud arranged to attend a dinner at the Foreign Office on July 26.



ONE OF THE ORGANISERS OF THEIR MAJESTIES' RECEPTION IN FRANCE: M. JULES HENRY.

We feel that our readers will be interested to see portraits of some of the French personalities who played a leading part in the organisation of the wonderful reception given their Majesties in Paris, which is fully illustrated on other pages. M. Jules Henry is "Directeur du Cabinet" of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Henry was responsible for all arrangements concerning the royal visit, working in the closest collaboration with M. Bonnet, the Minister



MME. BONNET, WIFE OF THE FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO HELPED ARRANGE THE QUAI D'ORSAY PALACE.

of Foreign Affairs. M. Henry was First Councillor of the Embassy in Washington when M. Bonnet was Ambassador. As noted in our last issue, M. Bonnet supervised the work of modernising the Quai d'Orsay Palace; Mme. Bonnet being responsible for the decoration of the rooms prepared for Queen Elizabeth. Mme. Bonnet is seen here standing beside one of the magnificent pieces of period furniture borrowed from the Louvre to adorn the Palace.



M. BONNET, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER; CREATED A G.C.M.G. BY KING GEORGE DURING HIS VISIT.

### BISHOP C. R. HONE.

Appointed Bishop of Wakefield, in succession to the late Dr. Seaton. Previously Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract—since 1931. Vice-Principal, Leeds Clergy School, 1905. Successively Vicar of Mount Pellon, Brig-house; and Rector and Rural Dean of Whitby.



### SIR GEORGE FRANCKENSTEIN.

Formerly Baron Georg Franckenstein, and the last Austrian Ambassador in London. The King conferred a Knighthood on him on July 25. Sir George had previously been naturalised, the process being specially accelerated. He first came to England forty years ago.



MR. F. W. OGILVIE: THE NEW DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE B.B.C.

The B.B.C. announced on July 20 that Mr. F. W. Ogilvie, Vice-Chancellor of the Queen's University, Belfast, had been appointed Director-General, in succession to Sir John Reith. He is a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and was Bursar, 1920-22. In 1926 he was appointed Professor of Political Economy, Edinburgh. He has served on many local and Government councils and committees.



### VISCOUNT RUNCIMAN.

It was credibly stated on July 26 that the Czechoslovak Government would accept Lord Runciman as British adviser in Prague for the period of the negotiations between that Government and the Henlein party. Lord Runciman was formerly President of the Board of Trade.

### SIR THOMAS HORRIDGE.

Formerly Judge of the King's Bench Division (1910-1937). Died July 25; aged eighty. His early practice was largely in Liverpool and Manchester. M.P. (Radical), East Manchester, 1906; defeating Mr. Balfour, the ex-Prime Minister.



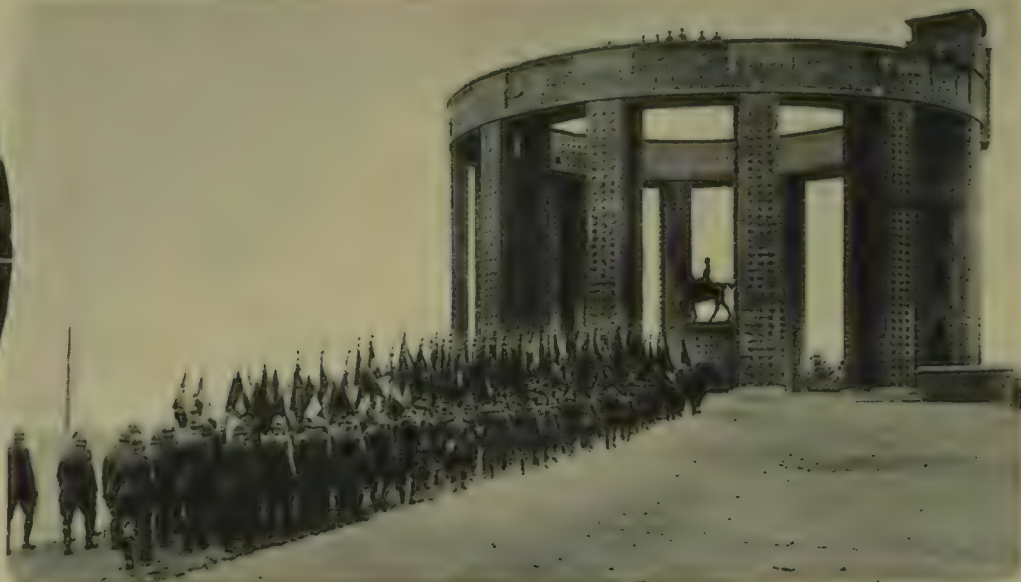


# IN THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE EVENTS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.



THE BELGIAN ROYAL FAMILY AT THE NATIONAL FÊTE IN BRUSSELS: KING LEOPOLD WITH HIS THREE CHILDREN; HIS MOTHER, QUEEN ELISABETH; AND HIS BROTHER, THE COUNT OF FLANDERS. (Press Topics.)

In the left-hand photograph above, the Belgian Royal Family are seen on a dais in the Place Royale at Brussels during the singing of a "Te Deum" at the National Fête. From left to right are Princess Josephine Charlotte, Prince Baudouin (Duke of Brabant), King Leopold, Queen Elisabeth, Prince Albert, and the Count of Flanders. On July 24 King Leopold, with his mother



THE UNVEILING OF THE BELGIAN EX-SERVICE MEN'S MEMORIAL TO KING ALBERT AT NIEUPOORT, WHICH WAS THE BELGIAN GENERAL STAFF'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE WAR: TROOPS BEARING THE FLAGS OF VARIOUS REGIMENTS MARCHING TO THE MONUMENT AFTER THE CEREMONY. (Sport and General.)

and brother, and his two elder children, attended the unveiling of the monument erected by Belgian ex-service men to the memory of King Albert. The memorial is a circular building with a dome 328 ft. in circumference supported by 20 columns 65 ft. high. In the centre is an equestrian statue of King Albert, and a sculptured panel commemorates Queen Elisabeth's war work.



NEW YORK'S AMAZING WELCOME TO THE HEROES OF THE "ROUND-THE-WORLD" FLIGHT: THE SCENE IN BROADWAY, AMID A BLIZZARD OF "TICKER-TAPE" AND TORN PAPER.

New York gave a tumultuous welcome, on July 15, to Mr. Howard Hughes and his four companions, who recently accomplished a record "round-the-world" flight of 14,874 miles in 91 hours, more than halving the late Mr. Wiley Post's time in 1933. The celebrations were of the uproarious type reserved for national heroes returning from exploits abroad. Cheers from 100,000 spectators re-echoed among the skyscrapers of Manhattan as the airmen rode along Broadway and Fifth



ACCLAIMED LIKE LINDBERGH AFTER HIS ATLANTIC FLIGHT: MR. HOWARD HUGHES, CHIEF WORLD FLIER (THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE CAR).

Avenue amid a blizzard of "ticker-tape" and torn paper descending in clouds from the buildings above. The parade, which began at the Battery and ended at the City Hall, where the Mayor extended the city's official greeting, was described as the gayest triumphal procession that had been seen in New York since it welcomed Colonel Lindbergh on his return from Europe after his great solo Atlantic flight in 1927. (Wide World.)



SHOWING, IN THE BACKGROUND, DISTURBED WATER WHERE A BOMBED SHIP HAD JUST SUNK OFF SPAIN: BOATS WITH SURVIVORS FROM THE "BODIL" APPROACHING H.M.S. "SHROPSHIRE."

The British cruiser "Shropshire" arrived at Marseilles on July 22 with the crew of the Danish vessel, "Bodil" (944 tons), which had been bombed and sunk off Spain the day before by an aeroplane. The occurrence was seen from the "Shropshire," about 11 miles away and 60 miles east of Barcelona, and she went to the rescue at full speed, finding on arrival that the crew had taken to the boats. (Fox Photos)



NAZI CELEBRATIONS IN AUSTRIA TO COMMEMORATE THE 1934 RISING IN WHICH DR. DOLFUSS WAS KILLED: HERR HESS (THE FÜHRER'S DEPUTY) ADDRESSING A NAZI ASSEMBLY AT KLAGENFURT, THE CAPITAL OF CARINTHIA.

The fourth anniversary of the Nazi rising in Vienna on July 25, 1934, when the Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, was murdered, was the occasion of Nazi celebrations at many places in Austria. They took the form of mourning for the Nazis who died, including 12 executed, and triumph over the success of Nazism in Austria and the creation of "Great Germany." On July 24 Herr Hess spoke at a large gathering of Nazis in Klagenfurt. Further observances were held on the following day in Vienna. (Wide World.)





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SOME PUZZLES IN THE COLORATION OF BUTTERFLIES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

IN pondering over my small collection of butterflies the other day, I found myself halting at my three specimens of the gorgeous "bird-winged" butterflies, *Ornithoptera priamus* and *O. brookiana*. To be quite up to date I must supplement *Troides* for "*Ornithoptera*." Why the change was made I do not know. They are somewhat rare insects, hence they have no name in common speech. But this by the way.

These two species show very striking differences. The male of *T. priamus*, of Dutch New Guinea (Fig. 1), presents fine contrasts of black, green and gold, though, unfortunately, these are not apparent in my photograph. The fore-wings have a span of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in., and are of a rich velvet-black, with a broad margin all round of a dark metallic green, while the hind-wings are of the same shade of green, margined with black, and two black spots. This splendour is greatly enhanced by an abdomen which looks as though it were of gold. The female is much larger, having a wing-span of 7 in.; but her coloration is of a dull sepia-black, with white markings, shown in Fig. 2 very clearly. The male of *T. brookiana*, from the Arfak mountains of New Guinea (Fig. 3), has a wing-span of nearly 6 in., and is, perhaps, the more beautiful of the two. The upper surface of the wings is of a rich, velvet-like black, relieved on the fore-wings by a row of triangular, dark-green markings, which change their hue as the specimen, taken to the window, is turned this way and that. Thereon they change from emerald to dark bronze-green. The hind-wings are also velvet-black, with a large patch of the same iridescent green covering the centre, while behind the head is a collar of dark crimson. The under-surface is black, with a row of forked green markings, the hindmost being of a gorgeous ultramarine. Two similarly coloured patches are seen on the hind-wings, which also have a subterminal row of white markings, and there is a crimson patch at the base of the hind-wings. The female is very rare; but specimens may be seen in the British Museum of Natural History. It is also extremely interesting, inasmuch as it presents what may be called a half-way stage towards the attainment of the glories of her mate. For her wings present a similar pattern, but of a dull white instead of green, though the lower half of this band of triangles is more or less completely freckled with green. The hind-wings are marked by a sub-marginal row of white spots. There is a crimson collar as in the male.

Though entomologists are well aware that there are many, even among our native butterflies, in which the males and females are conspicuously different in their coloration, this fact, I suspect, is by no means common knowledge. Our orange-tip butterfly serves as a good illustration of this difference, for herein the female lacks the large orange-coloured spot on the fore-wing.

So far as I can make out, the entomologists seem to be content merely to note differences in the coloration of the sexes, where these are found, without further comment, even when such differences are striking, as in the species just referred to. This seems strange, because when they are considered together with the no less striking sex differences to be found among birds, a new aspect of these sex differences among butterflies seems to be presented for our consideration. In this connection there is surely good reason to believe that when female butterflies differ from the males in their coloration, as in the glaring instance of *Troides priamus*, that

coloration answers to ancestral coloration, common in the distant past to both sexes. This is generally admitted to be the correct interpretation in, say,



1. ONE OF THE GREAT "ORNITHOPTERAS," OR BIRD-WINGED BUTTERFLIES: *TROIDES PRIAMUS* (MALE), OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA, IN WHICH THE WINGS HAVE A SPAN OF  $5\frac{1}{2}$  INCHES AND ARE GORGEOUSLY COLOURED.

In the male of this species the fore-wings are of a rich velvet black, with a border of dark, metallic green; while the abdomen has the appearance of gold. The male is smaller than the female.



2. THE FEMALE OF *TROIDES PRIAMUS*—LARGER THAN THE MALE, BUT WITH A MORE SOBER COLORATION OF PLAIN BLACK AND WHITE.

The female of this species has a wing-span of 7 in., and her colouring is probably the ancestral coloration common, in the past, to both sexes. As a rule, among butterflies, the two sexes are coloured alike. Here is one of the exceptions to the rule.



3. A SPECIES WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF NEARLY 6 IN. AND IN COLORATION IS, PERHAPS, EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN *TROIDES PRIAMUS*: *TROIDES BROOKIANA* (MALE) OF THE ARFAK MOUNTAINS OF NEW GUINEA.

The female of this species is very rare and in her coloration seems to show a half-way stage towards the splendour of her mate.

the peacock and the pheasant, in both of which we find a repetition of the ancestral dress in the young birds in their first plumage. In other cases we find that both male and female have assumed a resplendent dress, leaving the ancestral dress to the young in their first plumage, as in the case of the starling. Finally, we come to species wherein male, female and young have acquired "gorgeous apparel," as in our kingfisher. In many species this "gorgeous apparel" is seasonal, and

termed the "nuptial plumage," as in the ruff, where it is confined to the male, and in the knot, godwit, golden-plover and dunlin, where the change occurs in both sexes, the "nuptial" standing in the strongest possible contrast with that worn during the rest of the year.

A clue to the origin of these changes is furnished by our wild-duck (*Anas boschas*). Herein the male, towards the end of the breeding season, throws off his handsome plumage, which is at once replaced by one indistinguishable from that of the female, save by an expert. This is known as the "eclipse" dress, which, after a very short space of time, is again shed, and replaced by the familiar and handsome livery worn during the greater part of the year. This change, it has always been contended, was rendered "necessary" because all the quill feathers were shed at the same time as the resplendent dress. In the garb of the female, or something very like it, it could hide safely among the reeds till the new quills were ready for flight. On this interpretation the real significance of this moult has been missed. This much seems clear, because the blackcock and the partridge, in the autumn, develop a "partial eclipse" dress. But here only the head and neck are affected, and for a time are clothed only in brown feathers, like those of the hens of their respective species. Here, however, the change has nothing to do with "protective coloration," but is merely the last dying spurt, so to speak, of a plumage which was completely of these drab hues. It is the last remnant of an ancestral dress.

Now when the sexual differences of coloration shown among butterflies come to be re-examined in the light shed by coloration changes among birds, we seem to be justified, it appears to me, in the conclusion that these dull-coloured females are still displaying a livery common to both sexes long ages ago. Here, as with birds, it is the males which first develop intensified pigmentation resulting in a "resplendent" dress. And later, possibly not until pigmentation in the males has reached saturation point, is it transmitted to the females.

We find, as I have said, a stage in this transformation in the case of the female *Troides brookiana*. The pattern of her coloration is the same as that of the male, but greatly lacking in intensity: the "feather markings" of the outer half of the upper side of the fore-wing being

white instead of green, and there are white spots along the hinder margin of the hind-wing. No more than intensification of the green areas, and the substitution of green for white, is needed to make the two sexes alike in coloration.

Among our native butterflies we have instances where the female differs from the male more or less markedly in this matter of pigmentation, and of these the most conspicuous is that furnished by the orange-tip. In the purple-emperor we have an illustration of the last phase of colour distinction between the sexes. For the female differs only in lacking the purple sheen of her mate, and in the greater breadth in the white bars across the wings. She is also slightly larger. We have no such extreme contrasts,

however, between the sexes, in this matter of size, such as is seen between the male and female of *Troides priamus*. Why this should be is at present a mystery.



4. ONE OF OUR NATIVE BUTTERFLIES WHEREIN THE SEXES DIFFER IN THEIR COLORATION: THE LARGE-BLUE (*LYCENA ARION*): MALE (ABOVE) AND FEMALE (BELOW).

In this case, the female has nearly attained to the splendour of her mate, but the blue of the wings is not so brilliant and the dark markings are conspicuously more extensive.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

**H**OLIDAYS break the monotonous routine of life, and set the imagination dreaming of escape and of happy wanderings in fair places of the earth. Accordingly I have gathered together this week some books appropriate to the nomadic mood, carrying the reader far from the prison-house of daily toil into distant lands of enchantment. Piled upon my table in a Cornish cottage, they suggest happy voyages in northern waters and the Mediterranean, the Aegean and the Adriatic; and travels ranging from the Isles of Greece to those of the South Pacific—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

I will take the last first, and begin with a book entitled "THE TRUMPET IS MINE." By Cecil Lewis, author of "Sagittarius Rising." With Frontispiece. (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.). Here the author vividly describes, with much amusing anecdote and dialogue, his experiences and reflections during a visit to Tahiti, and the title, which represents in English the native name of the district where he lived, is drawn from a Tahitian legend. Some of the author's friends thought it unsuitable for the name of a book, as savouring of egotism and boastfulness. "All the same," he said, "it has a ring to it." So he used it.

A friend of mine who has visited Tahiti confessed to disillusionment after he had landed, and was inclined to "debunk" any flowery adulation of the island's idyllic life. Its romantic beauty as seen from aboard ship, he said, was outweighed by certain elements of squalor and discomfort in the conditions ashore. Not having been there myself, I cannot express an opinion, but, none the less, I have found the present volume of absorbing interest. Mr. Lewis does not ignore the less pleasing side of Tahitian life: he gives the bad with the good, but finds enough romance left over to retain a strong enthusiasm for the native character and culture. He sees in Tahiti an earthly Paradise corrupted by the iniquities and diseases of Western civilisation; an Arcadia where, before the coming of European traders and missionaries, a perfect way of living had been developed. In the literature of the South Seas, I should think, his work is distinctive for its blend of picturesque description with political philosophy.

Mr. Lewis is exceedingly modest about the value of his book—a quality which the discerning reader will be able to discount. "I did not go to Tahiti," he says, "intending to write about the island. I went to do other work, and found that, while I had to drive myself to this, my daily journal was piling up so copiously and vividly that, at the end of the time, these pages had [practically] written themselves. . . . Many have rhapsodised about coral islands, but I did not come blindly adoring, refusing to see the ugly and stupid things, of which there are plenty; nor did I miss, I think, the underlying tragedy. There surely can be no place where the folly of the West stands so plainly indicated. If any one doubts the implications of evil in our civilisation, let him go to the South Seas and see what it did there. . . . This book is not a history of Tahiti, and I am not an anthropologist, so the account [of its early unspoiled civilisation] will be a *précis* of such information as I have been able to collect, and the inferences personal."

Again and again the author stresses the ideal character of Tahitian society as it was before the arrival of Captain Wallis, in H.M.S. "Dolphin," in 1767, followed by the French navigator, Bougainville, who "gave latitude and longitude" to Rousseau's imaginary Utopia shortly before the Revolution. Among other things, he says: "Healthy men and women, living in a beautiful climate that produced more than enough for all, free from disease, and free from excessive labour, were naturally happy, carefree, generous, tolerant, good. Besides, and more important, there was nothing precious, as gold, jewels, or works of art. . . . All men lived in practically the same sort of houses, ate the same food, wore the same clothing. There was no money to hoard (hoarding springs from fear, and there was nothing to fear). The lack of written language avoided the accumulation of archives with their inevitable precedents and legalities. . . . Tahiti had a perfect civilisation—void of almost all evil, because it was void of fear. The world has probably never equalled and certainly never surpassed it. There were only two practices that need any defence—infanticide and human sacrifice." These exceptions may

be considered not exactly negligible, but Mr. Lewis has arguments to minimise their seriousness and extent.

From the first, the women of Tahiti have cast a potent spell on men from the West. Mr. Lewis gives full play to that aspect of the island life, and his allusions to love-affairs, past and present, form a beguiling feature of his book. This freedom in matters of the heart, however, is not the whole of Tahiti's social legacy which he finds so educative for the modern West. His general point of view is best expressed in a concluding argument with his father, who had derided the Tahitian's lack of progress compared with the great achievements of Europe in art, literature, morals and religion. In refutation of the paternal reproof, Mr. Lewis declared: "When the Martians came to earth, if we are to believe H. G. Wells—they all died of common colds. They'd got so far past disease,

it's a question of two utterly different standards of life. I believe ours to be plainly wrong, because our record shows a thousand years of struggle, persecution, and warfare, out of which no permanent mass happiness has been evolved. I believe theirs to be plainly right because, unless you discredit the early navigators, they had evidently achieved the perfection which our world classes as an impossible dream. That's why I wrote this book."

The elder Lewis would presumably be more attracted than his son by a book about the historic land where European civilisation originated, namely, "IN GREECE WITH PEN AND PALETTE." By Zabelle C. Boyajian. Illustrated by the Author and with a Preface by Sir Frederic Kenyon (Dent; 15s.). The illustrations, which

consist of 16 paintings reproduced in colour, are the *raison d'être* of this charming book, which Sir Frederic describes as "a record by a talented artist of many aspects of Greek scenery—its light and colour and the wonderful atmosphere. . . . With the engaging narrative of personal experiences," he adds, "are interwoven resuscitations of the history of Greece in her great days, and of the legends which are more living to us to-day than most of the history." The author herself unduly depreciates the literary side of her work. "The following pages," she writes, "make no pretence of saying anything new about Greece. The writer is neither a historian nor an archaeologist—only a painter who must sometimes add words to her pictures before she can make them express all that she means." Personally, I have found her entertaining account of her travels quite as attractive as her pictures. Without knowing the country, of course, one cannot judge how far the colour and atmosphere of Greece are accurately portrayed, but, with memories of such classical phrases as "the wine-dark sea" and the "violet-crowned city," I was a little disconcerted to find in some of the landscapes preponderant tones of yellow, brown and green.

To me the most interesting quality in the book is the author's capacity to link the ancient with the modern

scene. Among many interesting incidents of her journey that she describes are the celebrations on the centenary of Greek independence, a pageant of Demeter and Persephone at Eleusis, an ascent of Mount Parnassus, and a visit to the tomb of Agamemnon. Describing what impressed her most, she writes: "Of all places I have seen in Greece, Nauplia is the most romantic, with the old-world air of the early nineteenth century, when the liberation of Greece was fought out and decided. . . . In the town and its neighbourhood there are monuments to the Greek patriots who fell in the fight." The author pays a glowing tribute to Byron and his devotion to the cause of Greek freedom for which he gave his life.

Five other very attractive books of holiday travel take us, like the foregoing, to delectable places in various parts of Europe. Before making any comments, I will first name them all together, lest "the blind fury with the abhorred shears," that presides over the limitations of space, may "slit the thin-spread thread" of my discourse. Two of these books picture the country that ignited the European powder magazine in 1914, namely, "PROFANE PILGRIMAGE," Wanderings through Yugoslavia. (Duckworth; 10s. 6d.); and "JUGOSLAVIA," Land of Promise. By Hans Koester. With 60 full-page Photographs (Robert Hale; 7s. 6d.). An island closely linked with Greece—and particularly the downfall of Athens—in antiquity, and in modern times with the resurgence of Italy, is described and pictured in "SICILY," The Garden of the Mediterranean. By Francis M. Guercio. With Maps and 32 Photographs (Faber; 15s.). In Central Europe the land of William Tell, nowadays chiefly associated with the League of Nations and winter sport, is portrayed with the staccato rapidity of a motorist in "SWISS SUMMER." By Charles Graves, author of "Gone Abroad," "Triptyque" and "Deauville Taxi." With folding Map and 34 Photographs (Nicholson and Watson; 10s. 6d.). A less familiar region of holiday travel, this time in northern Europe, is alluringly revealed in an up-to-date and abundantly pictured book, "FINLAND IN SUMMER." By F. J. North, D.Sc. With 76 Photographs, besides Maps and Plans (Cambridge; Heffer; 10s. 6d.).

And now (as Edward Lear's bearded ancient observed), "it is just as I feared," and the furious scissors have lopped off the end of my story.

C. E. B.



THE NEW "VICTORY" MUSEUM FOR OBJECTS ASSOCIATED WITH NAVAL HISTORY: THE MAIN GALLERY, SURROUNDED BY THE FIGUREHEADS OF FAMOUS SHIPS.

The "Victory" Museum in the Dockyard at Portsmouth was opened on July 25. On the facing page we show some of the exhibits it contains; while above is a general view of the main gallery. On either side of the end window will be noticed two very large paintings by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., depicting the blowing-up of the "Invincible" at Jutland and the swaying-up of the "Victory's" mainyard, the culminating point in her restoration. These, with other examples of his father's work, have been lent to the "Victory" Museum by Lieut.-Colonel Harold Wyllie.



PROBABLY THE MOST INTERESTING RELIC OF THE VICTOR AT TRAFALGAR: "DEATH-MASK OF LORD NELSON"—PRESENTED TO THE "VICTORY" MUSEUM BY QUEEN MARY. Nelson's body was brought home from the battle of Trafalgar preserved in spirits of wine. At Portsmouth the body was embalmed, and the opportunity was then taken of making this death-mask, which gives a wonderful impression of the great admiral's face in repose.

they weren't immune to it. That doesn't prove the Martian was inferior. Exactly the same thing happened in Tahiti; they weren't immune either to our actual diseases or our moral diseases—that's why they were practically wiped out. It isn't a question of superiority or inferiority;



# RELICS OF OUR "WOODEN WALLS" EXHIBITED IN THE SHADOW OF THE "VICTORY":

NAVAL HISTORY IN TANGIBLE FORM IN THE  
NEWLY OPENED "VICTORY" MUSEUM, PORTSMOUTH.



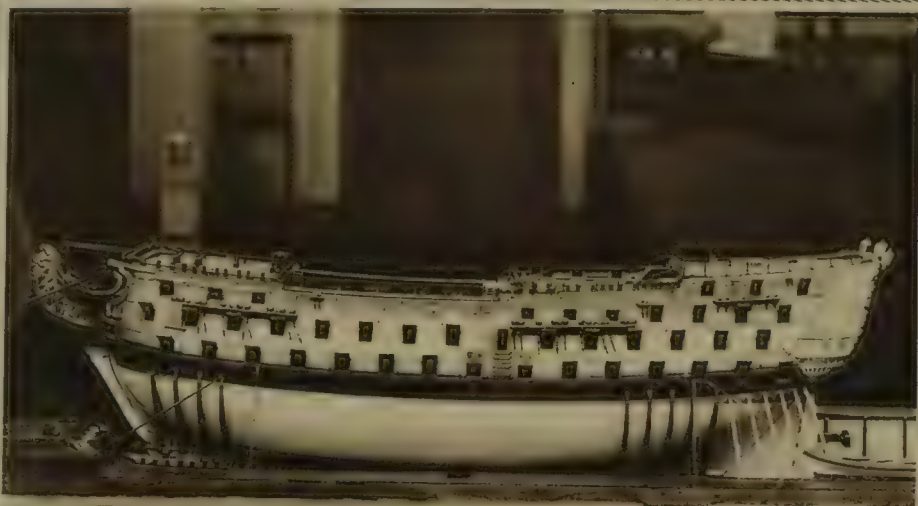
A RELIC OF THE SHIP ABOARD WHICH NAPOLEON SURRENDERED TO CAPTAIN MAITLAND: THE FIGURE-HEAD OF H.M.S. "BELLEROPHON."



A QUARTER BADGE OF H.M. YACHT "ROYAL SOVEREIGN" (BUILT IN 1804 AND BROKEN UP IN 1850), IN WHICH LOUIS XVIII. WAS CONVEYED FROM DOVER TO CALAIS AFTER THE FORMAL ABDICATION OF NAPOLEON.



THE FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "WARRIOR," A SHIP WHICH TOOK PART IN RODNEY'S GREAT VICTORY OF "THE SAINTS" IN 1782.



AN INTERESTING RECORD OF THE APPEARANCE OF OUR MOST FAMOUS SHIP BEFORE HER TWO REPAIRS, IN 1787-1790 AND 1801-1803: A CONTEMPORARY SCALE MODEL SHOWING THE "VICTORY" AFTER HER LAUNCH AT CHATHAM IN 1765.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT: THE "VICTORY" AS SHE APPEARS TO-DAY; RESTORED, UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE SOCIETY FOR NAUTICAL RESEARCH, TO HER CONDITION AT TRAFALGAR.



A PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR—SEEN THROUGH THE STERN WINDOWS OF THE FRENCH SHIP "NEPTUNE": W. L. WYLLIE'S PAINTING OF THE HISTORIC ACTION IN THE "VICTORY" MUSEUM.



THE CENTRAL EXHIBIT OF THE "VICTORY" MUSEUM: THE STATE BARGE, DATING FROM CHARLES II.'S REIGN, IN WHICH THE BODY OF LORD NELSON WAS CONVEYED FROM GREENWICH HOSPITAL TO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The "Victory" Museum, Portsmouth, was opened by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery, the Commander-in-Chief, on July 25. It is situated in the Dockyard, alongside of H.M.S. "Victory" and between the starboard side of the ship and Portsmouth Harbour. The site was formerly occupied by the old sail-loft, part of which has been preserved and incorporated in the new buildings, which are from the design of Mr. H. S. Rogers, F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A. By joint arrangement between the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, the "Victory" Museum will be affiliated with the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. The foundation of the Museum must be attributed to the Society for Nautical Research, which, with the approval of the Admiralty, was responsible for the restoration of H.M.S. "Victory." Some of the exhibits are shown on this page and some further details may be of interest. H.M.S. "Bellerophon" was a 74-gun ship, launched in 1786, which took part in the battles of "The Glorious First of June," the Nile and Trafalgar. Napoleon surrendered aboard her to Captain Maitland. This officer acquired the figurehead and other relics of his old ship when

he was Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard and presented them to the Dockyard in 1836. H.M.S. "Warrior," also a 74-gun ship, was launched at Portsmouth in 1781. She took part in Rodney's great victory of "The Saints" in 1782; accompanied Hyde Parker to the Baltic in 1802, but was not privileged to form one of Nelson's squadron; and fought under Calder at the battle of Ferrol in 1805. She was not broken up until 1857. The contemporary scale model showing the "Victory" after her launch at Chatham in 1765 was presented to the Society for Nautical Research by King George V. during the restoration of the ship. It is exceptionally interesting because the two "great repairs" of 1787-1790 and 1801-1803 altered the appearance of the ship to a large extent. It should be compared with our photograph of the "Victory" as she is to-day—restored to her condition at the Battle of Trafalgar. The State Barge which conveyed the body of Lord Nelson to St. Paul's Cathedral was formerly preserved on the "Victory's" quarter-deck; and the "Victory" Museum has been specially designed to house this historic vessel as a central exhibit.



## SPLENDOURS OF IRANIAN ART EXHIBITED: METAL-WORK AND CARVING OF THE GREAT SASSANIAN "RENAISSANCE" SHOWN IN PARIS.



CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SPLENDOURS OF IRANIAN ART TO BE SEEN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE EXHIBITION IN PARIS: A SILVER DISH WITH A FIGURE OF A HERCULEAN KING KILLING LIONS.



THE AMAZING VARIETY OF SASSANIAN CRAFTSMANSHIP: A SARDONYX CAMEO OF KING CHAPOUR I. TAKING PRISONER THE ROMAN EMPEROR VALERIAN.



A GILDED SILVER PLAQUE WITH EMBOSSED FIGURES OF ANIMALS: A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF THE IRANIAN METAL-WORKER; DISPLAYING A FINE RHYTHMIC SENSE.

AN extremely well-organised exhibition of Iranian art, formed around the unique and greatly treasured manuscripts preserved in the National Library, Paris, was opened recently. The Exhibition differs from that held in London seven years ago, when the almost complete history and development of the art of Iran was presented to the British public. Here we

[Continued below.]



A SILVER DISH WITH A DESIGN OF A CHEETAH TREADING ON LOTUS FLOWERS: ONE OF THE FINEST SASSANIAN PIECES IN THE EXHIBITION.

are shown only—but very completely—the artistic production of the Sassanian period and the art of miniature painting in Mussulman Persia. The greatest period in the history of Iranian art is that of the Sassanian dynasty (third to the seventh century). The flowering of Iranian art had, however, already commenced with the Arsacids, while the Arabian conquest of 642 did not mark the end of the production of

[Continued above on right.]



IRANIAN DOMESTIC ART: A LEG OF A CHAIR IN THE SHAPE OF A GRIFFIN OF THE SASSANIAN OR PARTHIAN PERIODS.

bronzes, ceramics, and textiles. Thus, many of the works of Sassanian inspiration discovered in Central Asia, Japan, and the East are posterior in date to the downfall of the dynasty. They reveal the character of Hellenic influence and of antique Iranian traditions. Alexander, in crushing the Achaemenian empire, was responsible for introducing Hellenic culture into

[Continued below.]



THE MAGNIFICENCE OF IRANIAN METAL-WORK: A SILVER DISH WITH A FORCEFUL DESIGN OF AN AQUILINE BIRD (PROBABLY SASSANIAN).

Persia, where it endured for a period of five centuries and more. Then, the Iranian princes, pretender descendants of the last Achaemenids, who returned to power at the beginning of the third century, attempted to revive the splendour of the empire of Xerxes. Ardechir, founder of the Sassanian dynasty, reconquered and unified Iran. He restored the civilisation and its national language and religion. And so

[Continued opposite.]



THE ALMOST BARBARIC GORGEOUSNESS OF SASSANIAN ART: A SOLID SILVER EWER.



IRANIAN SCULPTURE: A PLAQUE OF A LION IN STUCCO; OF SEVENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN, OR POST-SASSANIAN, PROVENANCE.



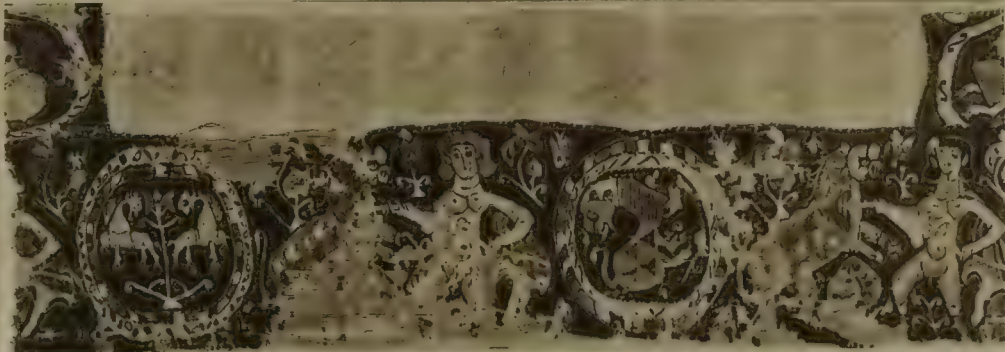
## SPLENDOURS OF IRANIAN ART EXHIBITED: TEXTILE AND OTHER MASTERPIECES SHOWN IN PARIS.



THE IRANIAN ACHIEVEMENT IN TEXTILES: A DETAIL OF AN EIGHTH-CENTURY SILK FABRIC, PRESERVED, LIKE MANY IRANIAN STUFFS, IN A CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL (USED FOR THE SHROUD OF ST. VICTOR, AT SENS).



THE CHALICE OF CHOSROES I., KING OF PERSIA; WITH RED, GREEN AND WHITE CRYSTALS CUT IN RELIEF AND SET IN MEDALLIONS IN A SOLID GOLD FRAMING: A MASTERPIECE OF THE LITHOGLYPHERS OF CTESIPHON.



ELABORATE WOOL TAPESTRY WITH A POLYCHROME DESIGN ON A PURPLE GROUND: A PIECE OF THE SIXTH OR SEVENTH CENTURY CLEARLY SHOWING SASSANIAN INFLUENCE.

*Continued.*

Iranian art was reborn and flourished for more than four centuries (226-651). The Sassanian epoch, the last period of Iranian art prior to the advent of Islam, marks the effort of a resolutely national reaction, which was pursued under thirty-nine reigns, when works were produced of a magnificence rivalling and often surpassing those of contemporary Rome and Byzantium. The exact chronology of Sassanian art has yet to be determined. The sites of several royal residences are, however, now being excavated. Herzfeld is digging at Istakr, near Persepolis; while the Metropolitan Museum and the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum are working at Ctesiphon; Watelin at Kish;

*[Continued below]*



A DECORATIVE TEXTILE MOTIF: AN EAGLE, OR FALCON, HOLDING A RING, COLOURED RED, WITH BLUE FEET, AGAINST A BEIGE GROUND.

Schmidt at Rhages; Upton at Kasr Aben Nasr and at Nichapour; and the expedition organised by the Department of Asiatic Arts at the Louvre is unearthing the city of Chapour. The absence of sepulchres renders more difficult the study of the ancient art of this country. The people of Iran did not bury their dead. They left them exposed to the sun and to birds of prey. If there had existed burial tombs, as in Egypt, for example, then we should surely know a great deal more of the culture of this civilisation. This explains—with the fact that the influence of Sassanian art extended far beyond the boundaries of the country—how it is that the greater part of the ancient stuffs have been collected from Christian tombs in Europe. (Many of the Saints entombed in French cathedrals, for example, were shrouded in rare Persian silks.) Much of the silverware, too, has been exhumed in Russia. In point of fact, with a few exceptions only, the most precious Sassanian works of art have been rediscovered outside their country of origin. But if some of the stuffs to be seen in this exhibition come from the *ateliers* of Byzantium, or of Egypt, or of Islam, they are, nevertheless, inspired by Sassanian Iran.



IRANIAN SCULPTURE: A BAS-RELIEF, A FRAGMENT OF A FRIEZE IN STUCCO, OF THE FIFTH OR SIXTH CENTURY; REPRESENTING TWO IBEXES ON EITHER SIDE OF A TREE, OR VINE.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ASHMOLEAN DRAWINGS.\*

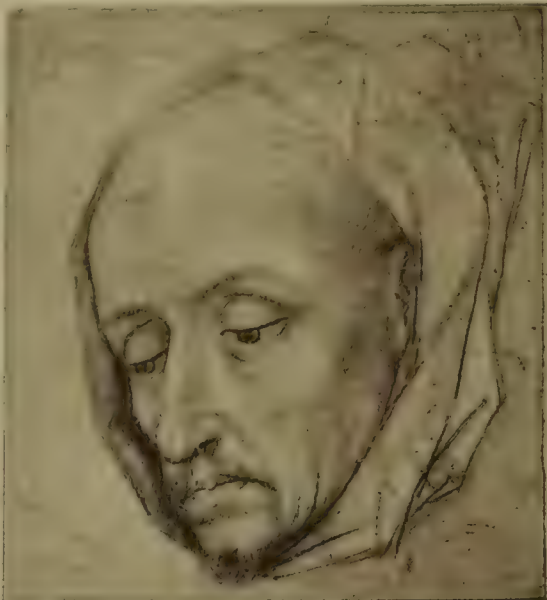
A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

belonging to the latter institution has been thought to belong not to the University, but to University College, because, apparently, in 1872 Mrs. George Grote presented some drawings to University College, London.

The Ashmolean Collection is now in process of being catalogued by Dr. K. T. Parker. Collectors

WE are an exasperating people. Put yourself in the place of a foreign guest who expresses a wish to see the celebrated University of Oxford. You stroll down the noblest street in Europe. "This, Sir," you say, "is The High." "Ah, yes; very good, very beautiful—High Street." "No, no! not High Street—The High! And that is St. Mary's, the University Church." "Ah, yes; good! The University of Oxford." "No, not quite; and across the road is University College." "Yes, I understand. So that is the real University." "Oh, no; not at all. That is just a college. Now, come down here a little way; we'll go into Christ Church! There's the Cathedral." "Ah, very, very good and very beautiful." "Yes; and this quadrangle was built by Cardinal Wolsey, who cut off the end of the cathedral in order to square up his plan." "So! The University has immense powers over the Church? Very interesting." "No, no—this also is just a college, with a cathedral embedded in the middle of it." "But, Sir, where is the University?" "Oh—here, all about us, amorphous, invisible, omnipresent. You enjoy fine drawings, don't you? Come into Christ Church Library and see the Da Vincis." "Yes, with pleasure. And this is the great collection I have heard about; it belongs to the college, then, and not to the University?" "Quite so; this one does—there's another, though, which does belong to the University." "University College?" "No, the University." "And can we see that?" "Certainly—it's at the Ashmolean." "What, at another college?" "No, just the Ashmolean, a museum founded by Elias Ashmole—and that's a trifle mixed up with the Taylorian Institute."

By that time, of course, you will adjourn for lunch and give up the search for the University, the discovery of which, like the truths of the Athanasian Creed, requires a mental subtlety denied to most of us. A similar confusion has in the past baffled the earnest foreign student of the Old Master Drawings to be found in Oxford. The Christ Church collection has been credited to the Ashmolean and vice-versa, and one of the most famous items



1. "STUDY OF THE HEAD OF AN OLD MAN"; BY ROGER VAN DER WEYDEN (B. 1397-1400; D. 1464). (Silver-point on prepared vellum. Purchased by the Ashmolean Museum in 1935.)

The study is believed to be connected with the head of St. Joseph in the "Nativity" of the Granada Altar and its derivative, known as the Miraflores Altar. An alternative theory postulates the existence of a "Presentation in the Temple" by this artist, for the High Priest in which the drawing served as a preliminary study. Reproductions from the "Catalogue of the Collection of Drawings in the Ashmolean Museum," Vol. I., by Courtesy of the Compiler, and the Publishers, Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press.



3. "AN ELDERLY WOMAN WITH CLASPED HANDS"; BY "MATTHIAS GRÜNEWALD" (MORE CORRECTLY MATTHIAS NITART; BORN ABOUT 1475; DIED 1528).

This drawing is an important link in the chain of evidence proving with well-nigh complete certainty that the long-accepted name of "Grünwald" is fictitious and that the artist's true identity is with the Mathis Nithart known to have been employed by the Electors of Mainz. The subject has been variously interpreted as the Virgin Mary and the Magdalen. On the left is inscribed "(Mathis," above which is "Matis" written in ink.

when it was published some years ago. The first volume, dealing with the Netherlandish, German, French, and Spanish Schools has now appeared. Vol. II., on the Italian Drawings, is in course of preparation, and Vol. III. will deal with the large collection of British work, notably the splendid series of De Wint, Girtin, and Turner. This volume contains 104 pages of illustrations and critical notes on more than six hundred drawings (many more, if one counts also the contents of several bound volumes), and it is impossible to praise too highly the patience, scholarship and sensibility that have gone to its making.

There is this difference between writing a book and compiling a catalogue; the book can be boring, the catalogue cannot. One expects in any book some sort of agreeable narrative style; in a catalogue one expects facts and a review of opinions about each item separately—as long as facts and opinions are set out lucidly, that is all the reader requires, because he only consults the catalogue for the elucidation of particular problems. He cannot be bored, because he is searching for definite information; if he does not want that information he does not consult the catalogue. The thoroughness with which Dr. Parker has presented his subject matter is formidable—so complete,



2. "CHRIST MOCKED"; BY ANTHONIE VAN DYCK (1599-1641): A DRAWING WHICH CONNECTS WITH THE "CROWNING WITH THORNS."

On the reverse of the drawing is a study of a right arm and hand grasping a staff in a vertical position. The shoulder and head are partly indicated. The drawing is in black chalk with, on the obverse, touches of red and white chalks.

are no doubt familiar with his monograph on the drawings of Watteau, reviewed on this page

indeed, that some amateurs may become a little impatient. A good example is his commentary upon the beautiful Dürer water-colour, No. 284, Plate LIII., where the theories of various specialists upon its date and the locality it represents are summarised in detail. It may seem unimportant that the drawing may have been done during Dürer's first or second journeys to Venice, i.e., in 1494-5 or 1505-6, and so, in the larger sense, it is; but knowledge—real knowledge—demands accuracy, and eleven years is a fairly long stretch in an artist's working life. It so happens that in the case of Dürer the style does not change very much, but in other men's work (Rembrandt, for example) accurate dating is of the highest interest, for by it his artistic development can be traced almost from year to year.

In view of the recent discovery at a country sale of a signed and dated portrait by that enigmatic genius Mathis Nithart, known generally, but wrongly, as Matthias Grünewald (c. 1475-1528), it is as well to be reminded that in No. 297, Plate LVII. (Fig. 3), the Ashmolean has long owned a Mathis drawing, first recognised by the late Sidney Colvin, which was left to the Bodleian

Library with the remainder of his collection in 1834 by Francis Douce, for a time Keeper of Manuscripts in the British Museum. It is odd to reflect, as is pointed out in the Introduction, that the attraction of this remarkable drawing to Douce was almost certainly because, in his eyes, it was odd and quaint, and not for any æsthetic reason. The finest examples in this legacy are by Dürer and by Holbein (e.g., No. 298, Plate LVIII.) (Fig. 4). Then there is the wonderful series of drawings by Raphael, Michelangelo, and their followers, part of the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which was acquired by public subscription (with great difficulty) for £7000 in 1846, and the gift of Chambers Hall in 1855, which includes the famous Dürer landscape mentioned above, the fine Van Dyck of No. 129, Plate XXVI. (Fig. 2), and drawings by Leonardo, Corregio, Raphael, Canaletto, and Guardi. A fair proportion of them are seen from time to time by visitors to important exhibitions elsewhere than in Oxford, for the Trustees are generous in their loan policy.



4. "FIGURE OF A WOMAN (ENGLISH) IN CONTEMPORARY DRESS"; BY HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER (1497-1543).

(Pen and Indian ink with water-colour washes.)

If this should catch the eye of any who are unaware of the riches to be found in the Museum they might like to know that drawings, though an imposing section of the whole collection, are by no means the major portion of it. The pictures alone are themselves worth a special pilgrimage—and there is a noble array of furniture, tapestries, and the hundred-and-one categories of works of art essential to an understanding of the good life.

\* "Catalogue of the Collection of Drawings in the Ashmolean Museum."

Volume I. Netherlandish, German, French, and Spanish Schools. By K. T. Parker, Keeper of the Department of Fine Art. Illustrated. (Humphrey Milford Oxford University Press; 30s.)



## OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA: DEUTSCHES HAUS, PRAGUE.

DRAWINGS BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

INSIDE THE GUARDED PORTAL OF DEUTSCHES HAUS, WHERE ONLY HEINLEINISTS ARE WELCOME AND NO CZECH EVER ENTERS. ON EACH SIDE OF THE PASSAGE ARE DISPLAYS OF NAZI PROPAGANDA.

A MYSTERIOUS GILT SYMBOL REQUIRING BUT LITTLE IMAGINATION TO IDENTIFY.

A MINORITY WITHIN A MINORITY—THE ANTI-HEINLEIN 'MODERATE' GERMANS ARE NOT MADE VERY WELCOME.



HEIL HEINLEIN!—A SUDETEN-GERMAN PARTY MEETING IN THE GREAT BLACK AND GOLD BALL ROOM.

TOWARDS MIDNIGHT ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF PRAGUE IS TO SEE THE CROWDS OF GERMANS LEAVING DEUTSCHES HAUS: THEY EMERGE BY AN UNPRETENTIOUS DOOR NUMBERED "26" AND THAT SIDE OF THE 'NA PRÍKOPÉ' IS PRACTICALLY LEFT TO THEM BY THE CZECHS—POLICE PATROLS ARE ALWAYS ON HAND IN CASE OF DISTURBANCE.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU  
PRAGUE 38

## BEHIND THE UNPRETENTIOUS DOORWAY OF "NO. 26": DEUTSCHES HAUS—A SUDETEN GERMAN RALLYING-GROUND.

Very widespread interest has been shown in Czechoslovakia since it became an important factor in the European situation; and our special artist is depicting, in a series of drawings, typical scenes in that troubled country. The first of these were published in our issues of June 18 and July 2. In one of the principal streets of Prague, the Na Příkopě, is an unpretentious doorway, marked No. 26, which forms the main entrance to a huge building, behind the shop-fronts, called the Deutsches Haus. This is the great social centre of the Prague Germans and, naturally, is a rallying-ground of the Sudeten German Party, although Germans of any political creed have as much right to be there. The place is exclusively German and no Czech ever passes its closely guarded

portals. The door leads into an ancient stone-paved passage-way lined on either side with show-cases containing Sudeten German Party banners and pictures and books dealing with the Greater Reich Nazi activities. At the end of the passage is a modern block of buildings with numerous staircases and corridors connecting the various floors, on which are restaurants, concert-halls, a ball-room and offices. In the great ball-room, surrounded by a gallery supported by massive black marble pillars and with sound-proof doors padded with white leather, our artist noticed a mysterious emblem, propped against the wall, which, from its semi-swastika design, could obviously be adapted to its more usual form should occasion arise.



## KING SOLOMON'S NAVAL BASE AT EZION-GEBER:

THE TOWN TO WHICH CAME THE RICHES  
OF OPHIR, AND A GREAT INDUSTRIAL  
CENTRE—REVEALED BY EXCAVATION.

By NELSON GLUECK, Director, American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem;  
with Photographs by the Author.

DURING the months of March-May 1938, the American School of Oriental Research, Jerusalem, carried out the first excavating campaign at Tell el-Kheleifi, on the Gulf of Aqabah. Tell el-Kheleifi lies about half-way between Aqabah, Transjordan, on the east side of the north end of the gulf, and Umm Rashrash, Palestine, on the west side. Near by are also the borders of Sinai and Saudi Arabia. The American School expedition had already, in September 1937, undertaken soundings at Tell el-Kheleifi, which is the only Early Iron Age site with any surface pottery remains on the coast. It is probably to be identified with Solomon's sea-port and naval base of Ezion-Geber. It is related in the Bible (I Kings, 9:26-28) that Solomon's ships, built and manned by Phoenicians, sailed from Ezion-Geber to Ophir, returning laden with gold, silver, ivory, perfumes and other precious articles obtained there.

In a previous article in *The Illustrated London News*, July 7th, 1934, on the "Copper-Mines of King Solomon," the writer pointed out that Solomon's ships probably carried copper to Ophir, in exchange for the goods they brought back from there. Even in Biblical times it does not seem to have been customary for rulers to give away something for nothing. One of Solomon's successors, Jehoshaphat of Judah, suffered the loss of his entire fleet of ships, broken, as we learn in I Kings, 22, 48, on the rocks near Ezion-Geber. It is this site which has now been partly excavated. At least one more campaign will be required before the excavations are concluded. To Mr. Lankester Harding, Chief Curator of the Transjordan Department of Antiquities, and to Colonel F. G. Peake, C.B.E., Officer Commanding the Arab Legion, Transjordan, special thanks are due for invaluable assistance to the expedition.

A number of problems have been settled by the excavations—and perhaps a larger number created. One of the problems is how to explain the distance of the tell from the seashore. The tell is now 556 metres from the shore. The prevailing wind is from the north. Day in and day out, there is an unceasing flow of sand from the Arabah—the great rift between the south end of the Dead Sea and the Gulf of Aqabah. When occasionally a really severe sand-storm blows, so that one eats, drinks, and breathes sand, then a layer of several centimetres of sand may be found extending all the way from the tell down to the very edge of the water. We have not attempted any scientific

chosen a worse place along the entire seashore for building their city than the present site. It is situated almost exactly half-way between the east and west ends of the Arabah, and exposed to the full blast of the winds from the north and to the accompanying sand. That the builders of Ezion-Geber, however, had method in their madness, so to speak, will be demonstrated shortly.

To judge from the excavations, Ezion-Geber was taken up with three main activities, namely: (a) the smelting of copper; (b) the manufacture of copper implements, particularly spear-heads, fish-hooks, nails, fibulae, etc.; (c) sea-trade, building of ships, and fishing. In addition, there was certainly weaving; while ropes, baskets, mats, and pottery of all kinds were produced; and beads were manufactured from carnelian, agate, crystal, and mother-of-pearl.

It was a busy town of about five hundred inhabitants, and, to judge from present indications, its importance by

rooms are flues, some of which penetrate to channels running lengthwise through the middle of the walls, and others of which go right through the walls to some large rooms, which have flues in each wall of each room. The lower flues, which lead directly from one room to another, were probably intended to permit gases forming in one chamber to penetrate into a second, and pre-heat its contents. The upper flues were for draught purposes.

The south ends of several of these large rooms border on a long, rectangular room, oriented east-west, whose north wall contains two series of horizontal flues. These rooms are connected with each other not only through the flues, which penetrate from one room to the other, but also because the channels built inside the walls lead from one wall to another, making one interconnected whole out of the entire block of rooms. In most of these rooms are large, heavy, hand-made pottery crucibles in a more or less ruined state, placed, during one of the three periods in which the main smelting plant was used, over a layer of loose stone debris. There were also numerous fragments of other crude, hand-made pottery vessels in these rooms.

Our present theory is that the ore to be smelted was placed in the crucibles in all the rooms of the smelting plant, then charcoal was placed round and over the crucibles, and the rooms fired in successive order. Great masses of burned wood and ash were found in these rooms.

By placing one's hand over any one of the flue-holes at the south end of one of the walls of any of the rooms, one can feel the strong draught that still flows through them. One of the main reasons, therefore, we feel, that the ancient inhabitants of Tell el-Kheleifi chose this particular site was because they needed a constant draught from a known direction to help work their smelting and refining furnaces.

All indications point to the fact that the main period of this site, and the best buildings, belong to the period of King Solomon. In addition to owning and working the copper deposits in the Arabah, he, together with his subjects, apparently engaged extensively not only in the smelting and refining of the ore, but in the manufacture of copper articles. One thinks again of the description of Palestine (*the Arabah*), in Deuteronomy 8, 9, as "a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

Another of the most interesting facts about Tell el-Kheleifi, is the pottery discovered there. Great numbers of large and small hand-made pots were found, many of which have been built up on a mat, and most of which have various types of ledge- and horn-handles.

There can be no question but that there are no sherds at Ezion-Geber which precede the thirteenth century B.C. The ledge-handles are large and small, but always have a definite utility.

Sometimes there are small, vertical ledge-handles although normally most of the ledge-handles are of the horizontal type. The horn-handles, consisting of an



THE SITE OF EZION-GEBER, KING SOLOMON'S NAVAL BASE, TO WHICH HIS SHIPS BROUGHT IN THE RICHES OF OPHIR: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS AT TELL EL-KHELEIFI, WHICH HAVE REVEALED A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CITY OF THE KING'S DAY; LOOKING SOUTH OVER THE GULF OF AQABAH, WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF SINAI ON THE RIGHT AND SAUDI ARABIA ON THE LEFT.

far transcended the brief references accorded to it in the pages of the Bible. Primarily, it was an industrial site, where the copper mined in the vicinity was smelted and copper articles manufactured. There is also more than a



THE KIND OF HOUSE IN WHICH THE POPULATION OF EZION-GEBER LIVED IN KING SOLOMON'S DAY: A MODERN MUD-BRICK BUILDING—ONLY THE RAIN SPOUTS MADE FROM EMPTY PETROL TINS DIFFERENTIATING IT FROM ITS ANCIENT EQUIVALENT.

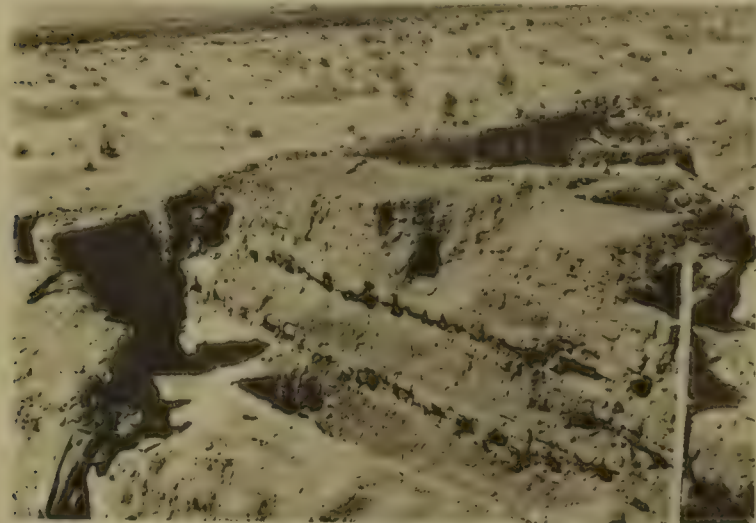
possibility that much of the copper mined in the Arabah, and crudely smelted in a number of the mining and smelting sites that have been previously described in *The Illustrated London News* (July 7th, 1934), may have been brought to Ezion-Geber to be further refined.

We have, up till now, opened up about 45 rooms in the tell, going from the north end towards the south. A fourth of these rooms belongs to a separate building-block devoted completely to the smelting and refining of copper. This smelting and refining plant occupies the entire north-west corner of the

When the Israelites came to Ezion-Geber on their way from Kadesh, smelting and refining ores must have already been a highly advanced technique. They and the Edomites were probably introduced to the processes by the mutually related Kenites (into which tribe Moses married), whose very name means "smiths." It will be recalled that one of them—namely, Tubal-Cain (Ken), was the first craftsman in the forging of copper and iron.

mound, and is, as far as my recollection goes, the only complete plant of its kind, which is so extensive and so comparatively intact, in the entire ancient Near East.

On the very north end of the mound are five small rooms, in which were pottery crucibles. In the south walls of these



HOW THE COPPER SMELTERS OF EZION-GEBER PROVIDED THEIR "FORCED DRAUGHT": ROWS OF FLUES IN A WALL AT THE SOUTH END OF THE SMELTING PLANT—THE DRAUGHT FROM THE PREVAILING NORTH WIND BEING APPARENTLY LED RIGHT THROUGH THE BUILDING.

measurements, but it is obvious that the seashore is being extended southward at the rate of about ten centimetres a year. Over a period of approximately three thousand years, it is easy to see how the sea has retreated from the tell. Actually, the builders of Ezion-Geber could not have



FURTHER EVIDENCE OF THE DRAUGHT SYSTEM DEvised BY THE EZION-GEBER COPPER SMELTERS: A "CLOSE-UP" OF FLUES IN THE SOUTH WALL OF A SMALL FURNACE-ROOM.

upward-turned prong, are also very common on this site. These were all hearth pots. From what has already been discovered at Tell el-Kheleifi, it can easily be seen that the site promises to be one of the very greatest interest.



# This England . . .



*In the Brendon Hills—Somerset*

SINCE it is become the fashion to ask questions, in spelling-bee and knowledge tests, let us propound four of the nicer sort for languorous July. Have you noticed that the song of the little birds has taken a more deliberate style, before the August hush? Have you noticed how on the heathlands the bees' note has swelled organ-like as they search the exhausted flowers, hungry for the heather yet to come? Have you noticed how on the stillest day the fervid poppy nods among the silent wheat? Have you noticed how in that parlour so coolly dim at noon-day, the Worthington that last winter flowed like an elixir through your chilly limbs, now slakes the burning throat and slows the hammering pulse?





# THE CHARM OF MUSIC.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON BALLET.

By FRANCIS TOYE.



"CENDRILLON," THE NEW BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: A MOMENT OF COMEDY WHEN THE UGLY SISTERS (MM. H. ALGERANOFF AND MARIAN LADRE) ARE DRESSING FOR THE BALL.

EVERYBODY is agreed that enthusiasm for ballet is one of the outstanding artistic characteristics of our time. There is a large and constant public and, at long last, there seems to be slowly emerging a not unintelligent attitude towards the art in general as distinct from mere adulation of its interpreters. So I hope that the comparatively serious questions raised in this article will not be considered out of place. First, I would like to convey a friendly warning to the directors of the two ballet organisations that are dancing practically face to face in the neighbourhood of Bow Street. Some of their keenest admirers definitely resent the present schism. Two ballet companies performing simultaneously are nothing new in London. We have had them often before, and there may or may not have been a public large enough to support them both. They were wholly separate and distinct entities, and the competition between them, not to mention the usually diverse nature of their repertoires, was frequently hailed as a healthy kind of competition.

So far as the public is concerned, this is not the case as regards the present seasons at Drury Lane and at Covent Garden. The public cares little about the reasons that have led to the present schism. All it knows is that a few months ago there was announced a fusion between the two companies, which was unanimously welcomed as promising the best ballet season London has known since the passing of Diaghileff. Fokine and Massine, the two greatest choreographers of our time, in alliance! Danilova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska and Baranova, all dancing on the same stage! It was, indeed, a glorious prospect, and one hears on every side expressions of great disappointment at its non-fulfilment.

I think that it is true to say that the public regards the present competition between Drury Lane and Covent Garden not so much as a war between independent rivals as a civil war. Moreover, there is the absurdity of the situation. At least three of Massine's most important ballets are given at Covent Garden, where Massine is not; "Epreuve d'Amour," one of the most charming of Fokine's later creations, is given at Drury Lane, without the benefit of Fokine's supervision; some standard ballets, "Les Sylphides" and "Le Lac des Cygnes," for instance, are given at both theatres, as a rule not particularly well—at any rate, not nearly so well as might have been the case had the two competing organisations worked in collaboration. This also the public knows and resents.

What is peculiarly exasperating about the whole matter is that both Drury Lane and Covent Garden

can boast of attributes peculiar to themselves. For instance, the soloists at Drury Lane are unquestionably more brilliant; their virtuosity is more exciting and spectacular. Again, no one is likely to deny that nobody can touch Massine as a choreographer and dancer in a certain kind of modern ballet to which he gives a particular "zip" of his own. On the other hand, I have found the corps de ballet at Covent Garden definitely more precise and more elegant, thanks, presumably, to the genius and the thoroughness of Fokine, who has, moreover, given us the best revivals of his own masterpieces—"L'Oiseau de Feu" and "Petrouchka"—seen in London for many years. Moreover, in the Covent Garden company there are several young dancers of very great promise; indeed, after seeing the five girls in Lichine's delightful trifle "Protée," I would say of something more than promise. It is a thousand pities then, that these various outstanding attributes should not, so to say, have coalesced. The public knows little, but feels

quite a lot. From what I have heard on many sides I should say that its present mood might not inaccurately be summarised as one of "A plague o' both your houses!"

Since we are on the subject of ballet, perhaps a few words on the much-discussed "Seventh Symphony" will not be amiss. Let me confess at once that I am not among those who regard Massine's Ballet-Symphonies as manifestations of progress; that is to say, if the term "progress" be regarded as

seem to have migrated to the United States. The movement received a disabling, if not precisely a mortal, blow when Diaghileff and those associated with him, who admittedly profited much from what was really valuable in Isadora's ideas, established the secession which has become identified for us with Russian Ballet. Not that the question of novelty or date is of the slightest importance; only dressmakers are entitled to consider the latest and the best as being synonymous.

Needless to say, Massine, who is a choreographer of genius, and a perfectly trained dancer, with competent dancers at his disposal, has nothing in common with the various heavy-footed ladies who used to represent in such profusion the school of "classical dancing." The ballets that he has founded on these various symphonies by no means dispense with technique; it is claimed, indeed, that they have developed it. My quarrel with the idea in general lies first with the false prestige attaching to the



"CENDRILLON": THE VISIT OF THE GOOD FAIRY (GRIGORIEVA)—CINDERELLA (CENTRE) DRESSING FOR THE BALL SURROUNDED BY THE FAIRIES.



THE BALL AT THE PALACE IN "CENDRILLON": CINDERELLA (RIABOUCHINSKA) AND HER CAT (KOUZNETSOVA) BEING CARRIED AWAY BY ATTENDANTS.

The choreography of "Cendrillon" is by Fokine, and the music is by Frederic d'Erlanger (composer of "Les Cent Baisers"). A great success was achieved by the appearance of Cinderella's faithful cat, which completely won the heart of audiences. Lichine takes the part of Prince Charming. (Photographs by Baron.)

synonymous with desirable development. Nor, in fact, am I willing to grant that their fundamental aesthetic is new. In old days I used to see a good deal of Isadora Duncan, and heard much about the ideal alliance between "The greatest music and the greatest dancing." This, as everybody knows, led, *via* Maud Allan, etc., to the horde of so-called "classical dancers" who at once infested central Europe, and who now

adaptation of standard symphonies to dance purposes. Despite the illusions of the half-educated, there is no merit, as such, in dancing Brahms and Beethoven. The merit, if and when it exists, consists in finding and interpreting the music best adapted to dancing purposes, whether it be written by a classical composer or not.

I am not one of those who feel in the least shocked by Beethoven or Brahms being so used, though I think that, as a rule, it is difficult in a ballet performance to play the music with all the necessary nuances, and that therefore it usually suffers. What I feel, rightly or wrongly, is that this music, especially the music of Brahms, does not really lend itself to dance interpretation. This was not wholly true of the Tschaikowsky Symphony, because in Tschaikowsky's music there is always a strongly defined rhythmical element. I am aware that somebody (Wagner, I think) once described Beethoven's Seventh Symphony as embodying

"the spirit of the dance." That does not alter the fact that there are many passages of development and recapitulation unsuited to practical dancing. I object to the result, not because it is irreverent, but because, despite one admirable movement (the second) and Derain's lovely *décor*, it is a bore—at all events, to me. Not, perhaps, such a bore as "Choreartium," but still a bore.





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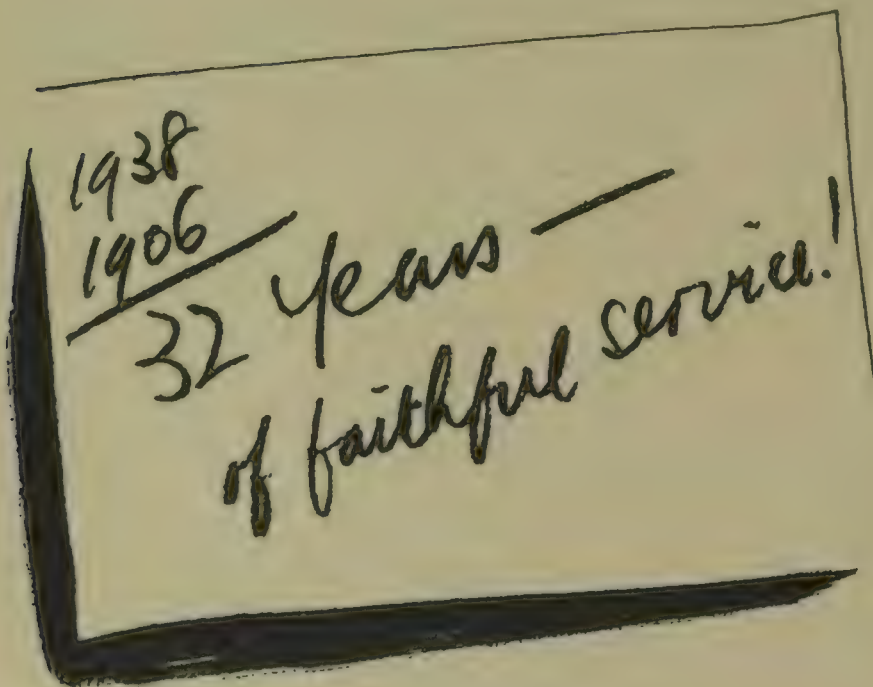
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

WHETHER British motor manufacturers budgeted on the low side twelve months ago, or sales have increased beyond their expectations, it does come somewhat as a shock to see the various "new programmes for 1939" announced in July. Yet, on the first of that month, the Triumph Company sent out their list of cars and prices for the next twelve months. The new range is a 1½-litre "Dolomite" saloon, the equivalent of the 1938 "Dolomite Special," and the price is slightly reduced, to £312 18s. It is a four-cylinder engine model, and others of this chassis are the 14-60-h.p. "Dolomite" standard saloon, £348, the 14-60-h.p. "Dolomite Royal" saloon, £375, a 14-60-h.p. "Foursome" coupé, £395, and the 14-65-h.p. "Roadster" coupé, priced also at £395. The "Royal" saloon is a new model, with four doors, two inches wider seating and is 1½ ins. higher in head-room, so is a most comfortable and attractive car. The six-cylinder Triumphs are the 2-litre "Royal" saloon, at £425, the 2-litre "Foursome" coupé, at £445, and the "Roadster" coupé at £450. The "Royal" and the "Roadster" coupés are both new models. It will be seen that prices have been advanced slightly, but the cars themselves show that the extra money spent upon them has

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The exhibition of Shell-B.P. advertising in Shell-Mex House has proved so popular that the closing date was extended from July 9 to to-day (July 30). The exhibition, which contains original paintings and drawings by unknown and well-known artists, has been free to the public, and several hundred people have visited it each day. (Photograph by Maurice Beck, F.R.P.S.)

greatly improved both their performance and their comfort, as well as retaining their smart appearance.

With a formidable list of improvements, supported by substantial reductions in prices, the Austin Motor Company, Ltd., appears to be setting the pace for the coming year in the world of cars. Not satisfied with this, Lord Austin also announced the introduction of a new large luxury car, to replace the Austin "Twenty," at the gathering held at the Austin Works, Birmingham, of dealers and agents of the Company. This car is styled the "Twenty-eight" Ranelagh limousine, a very lordly carriage, for its modest price of £700.

Austin price reductions have been achieved by economy in production and not by any sacrifice of quality. Moreover, the models all have distinct



AN OBJECT OF INTEREST TO THE TOURING MOTORIST: THE STOCKS IN THE COTSWOLD VILLAGE OF GREAT TEW EXAMINED BY THE OWNERS OF AN O.H.V. SERIES III. MORRIS "FOURTEEN" SALOON.

improvement. Thus, the new engine with aluminium head having proved so successful on the Austin "Fourteen" it is now used on the "Ten," "Twelve," and "Eighteen" models, and on the new "Twenty-eight" as well. Providing a higher compression ratio upwards of 6 to 1, this innovation, in combination with larger inlet valves on the "Ten" and "Twelve," gives increased power output and a lower fuel-consumption. The "Ten" now develops 32 b.h.p. at 4000 revs. per minute, and the "Twelve" 42 b.h.p. at the same engine speed.

New, high-duty axles have been incorporated in the "Seven," "Ten," "Twelve," "Fourteen," and "Eighteen," and a spring drive for the clutches of the "Ten" and the "Twelve" is another improvement. Current prices to-day are "Seven" saloon, £122, "Big Seven" saloon, £137, "Ten" saloon, £175, "Twelve" saloon, £215, "Fourteen" saloon, £235, "Eighteen" saloon, £350, and "Twenty-eight" limousine, £700. Excellent cabriolet (open and closed cars) coachwork is fitted on the "Seven," "Ten," "Twelve" four-cylinder-engined chassis, and on the six-cylinder "Fourteen."

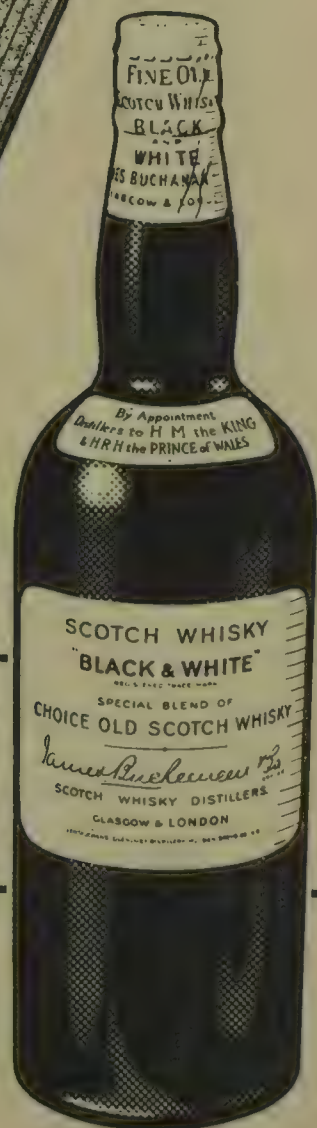
In our issue of July 9, we published a photograph of a Hillman "Fourteen" at Lodge Hill, near Pulborough, and stated that the price of this car is £348. This should, of course, have been given as £248.



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# Of Interest to Women.



## Feathers Win Another Triumph.

The hats worn by the Duchess of Kent at Ascot subsequently created food for thought, but it is not until now that the influence they exercised has been realised. Feathers of all kinds are seen in the new autumn models which have crossed the Channel and are being displayed in the London salons. There are ostrich tips for hats for formal occasions, quills for sports, feather fantasies with velvet backgrounds, and *panaches* which rest lightly on the crown. It is at Harrods, Knightsbridge, that the hats pictured may be studied. They are developments of old-world themes. The "Robin Hood," "Dolly Varden," "Watteau," postilion and beret are all giving of their best. Josephine's dressmaker always declared that nothing was new until it was old enough to have been forgotten.

The artist in hats at Harrods declares that the lines of the beret and mortar-board reveal themselves in the model at the top of the page on the left; it is carried out in felt pierced with quills. Next to it is a postillion of panne with a conical crown and Louis XIV. bows massed on the peak. On the right is one of antelope felt turned sharply up at the back, trimmed with black satin ribbon. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they are all original models. How Dolly Varden would have delighted in the hat on the left below; no one can for a moment imagine that she would have cavilled at the introduction of the veil. It is of Chartreuse-green felt, enriched with velvet flowers. Garnet-red velvet has been used for the hat on the right, its charm increased by shaded green feathers.







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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER. FICTION OF THE MONTH.

"THE CROWNING OF A KING" is the heavy-weight of this month's selection. The scene is Lithuania in the final year of the war; the hero is young Captain Winfried, newly transferred to the staff of Ober-Ost, Section V.; and Ober-Ost, Section V., is, *pro tem.*, the whole government and civil service of Lithuania. Only it is a government and "civil service" of German officers. They have defeated the Russians and established a "free" Kingdom of Lithuania, and Captain Winfried arrives to find them busy disputing who shall be King of it. The Supreme Army Command wants a Hohenzollern. The heads of Ober-Ost want a Prince of Saxony. The natives, incidentally, want the Duke of Teck, who would engage to "live in the country and keep his throne warm," and not to take more than five per cent. of his officials from outside. But that's merely laughable; no one cares what they want, except a few liberal civilians who need a trouncing, and will get it all in due time. For, of course, the Prussian brass-hats are going to win the war, and then the whole globe is their oyster; where need they ever stop? General Clauss, the most brilliant soldier at Ober-Ost, dreams of a conquest of Russia. His conquest of Russia. Alone in his office, thinking how the name of Wilhelm Clauss will be emblazoned on the starry sky of history, he sheds tears of excitement.

The movement of the book is twofold. We see Captain Winfried through his first mood of awe and delight at being translated to "these super-earthly spheres where decisions are taken"; his growing dismay at the antics, quarrels and irresponsibility of the men who take them; his horror of certain doings that shelter beneath the flag of his country; his espousal of the Teck cause as that of freedom and justice—of the people, at home as well as in Lithuania, against the Prussian war-machine. All this time, the German cause in the West has been going downhill. The Eastern Front, rather belatedly, feels the shock; and by the time its pundits have decided that "the Lithuanians must have their Teck after all," Winfried has finally resolved to throw in his lot with the people, and in their name has rejected Clauss the spell-binder as "a dangerous and disconcerting luxury which we cannot afford."

The whole novel is rather like a forest, dense with men and events; it is a little difficult to make one's way in, to find out who is who and what they're all doing. But the effort richly rewards itself, and there are great moments. No one will forget Konrad von Ellendt's night journey back from the capital, with defeat ringing in his ears like a tocsin; or Winfried's final defiance of the tremendous Clauss. It is also rather a sad book; for it was planned in 1926, at the dawn (as the author then supposed) of a better world. But "nations, like children, whose characteristics they share, are singularly subject to relapses."

"National Provincial" is another long book held together by politics; but a very different one. Again, people, if not events, are thick on the ground: we get a bird's-eye view of the northern manufacturing town of Aire, and a glimpse of every sort of life that is lived in it. The county, the old industrial families, the new-rich, the middle, lower-middle, and working classes; the University, the professions—we see them all; but the whole prospect is as open as the palm of your hand. A strike is the central incident, and involves everyone, emotionally if not otherwise. The characters are all observed with humour, great intelligence, and a most generous sympathy. Almost all of them are well-meaning; even the unattractive—and

they are few—are at least pathetic. Almost all of them think and talk about politics all the time; even their private conflicts usually have a basis in some "ism" or other. There may be rather too much of that, and the central figure, Mary Welburn, is perhaps too invariably correct in her thoughts and feelings. Still, the novel is first-rate of its kind—and full of moral charm.

"Pray for the Wanderer," though an airy trifle by contrast, has the same preoccupation with the state of the world. Matt Costello, a novelist who has deserted Catholic Ireland for a free life in London, returns home in despair at the collapse of a *grand amour*. He goes to stay with his brother, would like to take root in the old place, and thinks he can do it with the help of Nell Mahoney, a severe though charming embodiment of the tradition he had renounced. But his plan falls through, and he goes out into the world again. This anecdote—it is hardly more—illustrates the clash between aesthetics and what, in a wide sense, may be called politics—between the love of variety and the love of order. There is a great deal of talk—about Ireland, Catholicism, the decay of liberty, and so on. There is a delightful picture of Matt's old home, and the quiet, happy life of his brother's family.

With "Nya" we are in private life altogether. It is a love story, but of an unusual kind, since the heroine, fresh from Nyasaland and sadly astray in Bournemouth, is a child of thirteen. And she falls deeply and eternally in love with a young man of twenty-six. A delicate situation, especially as Nya is completely ignorant of the "facts of life," and Simon, who returns her passion, has to be her mother as well. But he is as delicate as the situation, and all will end happily; they agree to separate until she is old enough. "Nya" has little in it but Nya; however, she has the charm of all the "young barbarians" of fiction—she is straightforward, well-mannered, and healthy as a sea-breeze.

From this tender idyll we switch over to the electric lights and the white glare of sophistication. "Living Aloud" is a brilliant and disastrous little puppet-show. Its four young people know the facts of life from A to Z, and much good it does them. Two are the children of Grace Tremlett; two are the children of her old, sluttish, generous friend Penelope; and Grace's chief concern is to keep them apart. She is an ostrich of silliness and self-delusion, but a genius at mischief; the young lovers see through her, laugh at her, dissect her neatly and wittily—and jerk upon her wires just the same. A spotlight of epigram is all they can contribute to their own fate. This is the only satire in the group, and a satire of very distinctive quality.

Evelyn, the cold wife in "The Blackbird," might almost be described as a mental case. She is like a victim of the Snow Queen—impotent, yet deadly; it is her very nature to turn life into something between a refrigerator

and a spider's web. In a few years she drives her spineless young husband to a fury of revolt, but he is too cowardly, and just a little too kindly, to break away; his revenge is to make her suffer as much as possible. There is a curious poetic vein in this study of married hate—which has unlucky moments, but some admirable *quarts d'heure*. I confess I thought the Evelyn-Hartley *ménage* a hopeless business; Mr. Creighton, however, suggests—or does he suggest?—that things may improve.

The marriage described by Miss Cannan in "Princes in the Land" is full of normal disappointments. It is a social descent for Pat: she has to renounce her own tastes, and (as Hugh complacently puts it) "adapt herself"—find her amusement in cooking, scrubbing, shopping, and pushing prams. But she submits cheerfully, looking to the day when it will all be made up to her: "instead of your fathers you shall have children, whom you shall make princes in the land." And when the children, too, disappoint her, marrying the wrong people, choosing the wrong careers or what not—well, she is free at last, and there's nothing to prevent her riding to hounds again. This is a *soufflé* of a novel, not substantial, but ultra-readable.

"Indian Rain" is about a clerk in the old East India Company who goes native. There are adventures on every page, each designed to reveal yet another fascinating or frightful aspect of Mother India. "A great and terrible world," said Kim's Lama, and we feel he was right. Mr. Johnston's "Perilous Discovery" is not so alarming, at least to read about. After long research, Charles Fordbridge contrives to produce a substance lighter than air, which has also the unexpected gift of throwing beholders into a catalepsy. Everywhere the crystal leaves a trail of seeming-dead bodies, and the pursuit of his old friend Bridge—with the object of inducing him to think again—takes the hero to Egypt. A pleasant book. "As High as the Sky" is the story of a young man's love, also pleasant, but really too light a weight to support the tragic ending. The young man loves his father's mistress, whom he had set out to detest; this might have been treated merely as a healthy shock for young intolerance, but it is pushed to a crisis.

The three detective novels are agreeably various. "The End of Andrew Harrison" contains a good, solid problem, with perhaps the most endearing of fictional detectives as endearing as ever. For Mr. Hare's "Death is No Sportsman," pleasant must again be the word; a pleasant "straight" murder, with an angling background. And in "Figure Away," Asey Mayo and his friends are racing and chasing, voluble as ever, well over the border of Thrillerland. Asey has a fine setting this time. The celebration of Old Home Week in Billingsford is fun in itself, and perfect cover for the very different activities in Hell Hollow. K. J.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Crowning of a King. By Arnold Zweig. (Secker and Warburg; 9s. 6d.)  
National Provincial. By Lettice Cooper. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)  
Pray for the Wanderer. By Kate O'Brien. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)  
Nya. By Stephen Haggard. (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.)  
Living Aloud. By Winifred Agar. (Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.)  
The Blackbird. By Basil Creighton. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)  
Princes in the Land. By Joanna Cannan. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
Indian Rain. By Winifred Blazey. (Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.)  
Perilous Discovery. By Gunnar Johnston. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)  
As High as the Sky. By Norah C. James. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)  
The End of Andrew Harrison. By Freeman Wills Crofts. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
Death is No Sportsman. By Cyril Hare. (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.)  
Figure Away. By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

In view of the royal visit to Paris the ancient French capital, which has for so long meant to the tourist a city of boulevards, cafés, and gaiety, is more than ever of interest to British readers. In "Everybody's Paris," John Brangwyn has given a truer portrait of this great European city and one which, at this time, is particularly welcome. He shows us a city with a population of more than three million ringed by industrial suburbs—a city of commerce and finance, peopled by shopkeepers, students, clerks, and professional men, with a background of the past. How Paris is governed, how it feeds itself, how it conducts its business, and how its complicated day-by-day activities are organised are the subjects with which the author deals. The book is rich in fascinating information and written with authority and charm. ("Everybody's Paris," by John Brangwyn; Methuen; 7s. 6d.)

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**Le Touquet**—(P. de C.)—**Golf Hotel**—Facing Links. New Lounge and American Bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

**Le Touquet**—**Hotel Regina**—Facing Sea. Opp. Swimming-pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

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## GERMANY

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**Baden-Baden**—**Holland Hotel**—150 beds; large park. Close Casino. Pension terms: R.M. 11 upwards. Personal management H. A. Rössler.

**Bad Kissingen**—**Hotel Reichshof**—Distinguished family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

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**Bad Nauheim**.—**Jeschke's Grand Hotel**.—The home of the discriminating client.

**Bad Nauheim**—**Hotel Augusta Victoria**—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 9.

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**Garmisch-Partenkirchen**.—**Hotels Gibson/Schönblick**.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Moderate terms.

**Garmisch**—**Bavarian Alps**—**Sonnenbühl**—**Golf Hotel**. Incomparably beautiful situation. 1st-class hotel. Every comfort at Moderate Terms.

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## GERMANY—(Continued)

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**Königswinter o/Rh.**—**Kurhotel Petersberg**.—Highest class. Overlooking Rhine-valley. Motor-rd. Rack-railway. Gars. Sports. Pens. fr. Mk. 12.50.

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**Munich**—The new **Hotel Excelsior**.—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class, modern and quietly placed. Rooms from R.M. 3.50 onwards.

**Munich**—**Hotel Der Königshof**.—Karlsplatz—1st class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New Garage in hotel.

**Munich**—**Park Hotel**.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot & cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

**Sasbachwalden (Black Forest)**—**Landhaus Fuchs**.—20 miles fr. Baden-Baden, a country hse. dsdnd. for the few. Private swim. pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

**Wiesbaden**—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock**—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medicinal Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Marks 9.

**Wiesbaden**—**Hotel Nassauer Hof**.—World renowned. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mk.

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## SWITZERLAND

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**Davos**—**Palace Hotel** (Summer 1938)—Rooms from Frs. 6 Full board, Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8000 ft.

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**Lausanne**—**Ouchy**—**Beau Rivage - Palace**.—The leading family Hotel in splendid Park, on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

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**Lenzerheide** (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof**.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(Contd.)

## SWITZERLAND—(Continued)

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**Lucerne**—**Carlton Hotel**.—1st. class. Finest situation on lake. Moderate terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

**Lucerne**—**Grand National**.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

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**Thun**.—**Hotel Victoria**.—**Baumgarten**.—Every comfort. Large shady Park. Very quiet. Diet. Terms from Frs. 10.

**Vitznau**.—**Parkhotel**.—Bon Bros., proprietors. A guaranty for happy holidays.

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**Zurich**.—**Hotel Waldhaus Dolder**.—Family Hotel. Unrivalled position overlooking town, lake and Alps. Full board, Frs. 14. Swim.-pool. Golf. Tennis.

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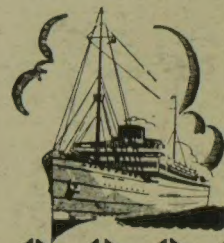
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